



THE SEASON OPENED!

OUR MAMMOTH FALL STOCK now ready for your inspection. Entire stock bought under the new tariff prices, which means BIG BARGAINS FOR YOU.

Silks! Silks!

(Main Floor—Left Aisle.) Tomorrow we throw open our doors with most cordial invitation to the people of Georgia to pay our mammoth store a visit. We labored with great zeal to complete our fall and winter stock in every detail. We have fully achieved our aim, and now are ready for business.

Supplementary nor introductory remarks are not necessary here. You know our ability, our capacity. To keep pace with the times has always characterized our career and now we challenge the south to produce such a vast and complete assortment of

Silks, Dress Goods and Mourning Fabrics as we shall show on tomorrow.

We have purchased of the manufacturer Lyons, France, over \$30,000 in extra fine

Black Dress Silks

as in the past, we propose to sell nine-tenths of the Black Silks sold in Georgia. Would you buy such a dress at about half price? Would you like a guarantee as to its wear and style? We will show 100 Black Silk Suits, 13 to 16 yards, all colors and styles, at just a saving of one-half.

A new arrival of that just quality Colored Velvet embraces 185 pieces and 23 shades. It is the exact counterpart of others' sort. We close this lot at 33c yard. Merchants, consumers, don't miss this good thing. A beautiful flowered French Faille in lovely colorings, will please the eye and please the purse, 85c a yard. It is actually Worth \$1.50 yard

IN EVENING COSTUMES we have the stock without limit, and at popular prices. A grand value is shown in 40 pieces. DRESSING FIGURES, LACE SILKS for opera wear at \$1. Perfectly exquisite. The leading things and only

Worth \$1.00 a yard

A PRETTY GOWN is made from our chrysanthemum crepe, which comes in popular shades as pretty as the \$2 kind. Ask to see it.

Only 39c yard

Continuing these new things from the silk world, we must not pass our full line of GROS DE LONDRES, the acme of high class street wear. We caught a line of beautiful street colors away under value, the regular price is \$1.65.

Our price \$1.00

A big lot of extra weight Black Figured Ties. The choicest thing for Waists and Skirts. 75c a yard.

Worth \$1.00

OPENED LATE YESTERDAY—125 Patterns Street Silks. By far the most costly collection of French pattern silks ever shown south. Each pattern a gem. No two alike and every style confined to J. M. H. & Co.

The Peerless Retailers of high class Silks and Dress Goods. Prices \$15 up to \$100 per lot.

This is merely a bird's-eye view of this smooth Silk Department. Your inspection cordially solicited.

Dress Goods.

Main Floor, Left Aisle. IT IS with no bombast nor egotism that we truly assert that our superb DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT has no equal south of the Metropolis.

IT IS SIMPLY INCOMPARABLE—Leading only to have the others follow. The stock which we throw open to the public inspection on tomorrow is grand, complete, perfect.

An inspection assures us of your delight. We are thoroughly filled and the new giving pleasures your purchase. Inapproachable bargains. Pleading to the people, and in every instance money saved.

Dress Goods! Dress Goods! Dress Goods! Dress Goods! 3,000 yards 54-inch, all wool English Suits, at 85c yard.

Worth 85c. These cloths will be on sale as long as they last, and for elegant street dresses they are just the thing. About eighteen colorings. "Tie a bargain." 48-inch covers cloths, thirty-two pieces; handsome and stylish—in other windows at 50c.

Our price 43c yard

5,000 Yards

Pretty things for serviceable wear. New and bright; full of life and style looks like the European. German Prizes and Mixtures, never shown by others for less than a half dollar a yard.

Our price 39c yard

A Charming Cloth

is seen in our new silks and wool suitings. 64 inches wide. The fan for tailor suits and shopping dresses. About thirty colorings and extremely low.

98c, usually \$1.50

THE FINEST ON EARTH.

No exaggeration when we say our Paris and London Robes are the handsomest and most refined collection ever brought south. These you must see. Look over the vast array of lovely fabrics, match up the colors in our perfect trimmings and let our dress-making department produce you a gown worthy a Worth or a Redfern. Prices in keeping with style.

\$15,000

Invested in the largest and most varied Trimming stock ever brought south.

Parisian Cloths.

Are much sought for desirable visiting costumes. We have

39 pieces 42 inch

extra durable and beautiful weaves. We show these at 75c yard. Similar styles elsewhere are considered cheap at \$1.19 yd.

Only for a Day.

Tomorrow we will sell 2,000 yards all wool Manchester suitings

At 25c a yard

See the big center bargain counter.

Dressmaking.

A trial will convince you that Miss Barschies will make you a gown that will please you. Remember that satisfaction is guaranteed you in every instance. Estimates furnished on all styles street, visiting, reception or dinner gowns, and trousseaus gotten up in the most artistic style. First-class work done by people who know their business.

White Dimity.

3,000 yards Checked and Striped Dimity, worth 25c.

Special at 12c

Toilet Articles.

(Main Floor—Center Aisle.) Lundborg's Extracts, 1 ounce size, 13c; Cucumber Complexion Soap, 7c a cake; Real Bristle Tooth Brushes—

9c each

Writing Paper.

500 pounds fine Irish Linen Note Paper, worth 50c a box. Box of five quires—

For 29c a box

Flannels.

(Main floor—left aisle—rear.) Suggestions for fall. Fancy French Flannels, worth 75c.

At 59c a yard

Flannel Skirt Patterns, usually sold at \$1.50.

At \$1 each

54-inch Cloaking Flannels, in plaids, checks and stripes.

At 59c a yard

Cotton Elderdown Flannels, worth 35c.

At 19c a yard

Ginghams.

(Basement.) 5,000 yards red and black, check and plaid Ginghams, worth 12c, Monday only

At 6 1/2-2c a yard

Gloves.

(Front—left of right aisle.) A poor fitting glove gives poor satisfaction. A pair of Gloves fitted at our counter insures correctness and are warranted to please you.

We have a popular run on our Ladies' 4-Button Glove Kid at \$1, truly

Worth \$1.50

Ladies' 4-Button Pique Gloves at \$1.

Worth \$1.50

Ladies' 7-Hook Glove Kid Gloves, new Blues and Helios.

50c, worth \$1 a pair

Cloaks, Capes and Ladies' Suits.

(Third floor—lake elevator.) Not to be compared to any in the south. Garments of the best cut, best make and finish known to the trade. Stylish Cloaks to suit every purse. A stock twice as large as any other in the city.

Ladies' Cloaks from \$1 to \$125.

Misses' Cloaks from 75c to \$25.

Children's Cloaks from 75c to \$15.

Ladies' ready-made, ready to wear suits from \$4.50 to \$80.

Ladies' Fur and Seal Wraps, \$7.50 to \$250.

Ladies' Capes \$1.25 to \$100.

Every style. Every fancy of the most fastidious can be satisfied.

Misses' Cloth Jackets.

Ladies' Fine Light Weight tailor Made Silk Lined Jackets.

\$5, worth \$10

100 Children's Reekers at

98c, worth \$2.50

47 Ladies' Double-Faced Golf Capes.

\$6.37, worth \$10

98 Misses' Gretchens, all wool.

\$2.98, worth \$7.59

Little Fellows' Fine All Wool Elderdown Cloaks.

\$1.98, worth \$4.50

Ladies' Fine Cloth Cloaks, cut 42 inches long.

\$12.50, worth \$20

Ladies' Chinchilla Coats, extra long, best make and finish.

\$17.50, worth \$25

Misses' Handsomely Braided School Jackets.

\$3.48, worth \$8

Ladies' Silk Tea Gowns.

\$12.50, worth \$25

Ladies' Fine Elderdown Morning Wrappers.

\$5.98, worth \$10

Ladies' Ready-Made, Long Cut Double-Breasted Serge Suits, a leader for

\$7.29, worth \$12

Millinery.

(Third Floor—Take Elevator.) The most severe critics give our millinery the credit of being the prettiest of any in the city. Well, we feel it justly so, for no other southern house has imported the goods we have, nor have they gone to the expense of securing the artistic skill and talent in their workrooms. We think that we have the only first-class millinery parlor in Atlanta.

A leader tomorrow will be:

100 Ladies' Satin Crown Trimmed Felt Alpine Hats, truly worth \$1.50.

At only 69c

and talent in their workrooms. We think 200 Children's Felt Sailors, worth \$1 and \$1.25.

At only 50c

Blankets and Coverings.

(Second Floor—Take Elevator.) The most important department to housekeepers just now.

A grand stock! Almost a half floor given up to its display.

100 Pairs All Wool 11-4 Blankets

At \$3.50, worth \$5

181 Pairs Fine Mission Mills California Blankets, old tariff price of wool would make them \$5.50.

100 Pairs Extra Fine Lambs' Wool Blankets cheap at \$10.

And then some beauties in soft Lambs' Wool Blankets

At \$10, \$12.50, \$15 and \$20

10 Bales Comforts

At 50c each

10 Bales good Satine Comforts, worth \$1.75.

Monday \$1.10 each

100 Large Size Satine Covered Comforts, worth \$2.

At \$1.08 each

Black Dress Goods.

Mourning Department, Main Floor, left of Whitehall Street Entrance.

Every new piece that the market or the drummer has shown is now on show.

Prices Always Interesting.

Tomorrow we will open the season by showing 1,000 yards 54-inch Black Wales Diagonal at 75c.

Worth easy \$1

40 pieces all wool Dupont Sacking at 25c yard

Worth 43c

15 pieces 50-inch Kearney Serges. The very finest woven at 85c a yard.

Last Season were \$1.49

13 pieces extra high grade, fancy suitings; pretty figures; all Saxony wool, and 44 inches wide; heavy and stylish; 75c a yard. Should easily bring \$1

At \$1.50 a yard we offer the residue of our 44-inch Priestley's Henrietta. It is the \$2.25 quality and can't last longer than tomorrow.

Does this strike you?

21 pieces 45-inch all wool Serge are offered at 47c a yard. Remember this when in search of a Black Dress tomorrow.

It is the usual 75c sort.

It is worth 85c yard

5 pieces—a limited quantity—extra silk-finished Henrietta. A perfect beauty. Only 62c a yard. Ask to see it.

It is worth 85c yard

8 pieces 54-inch extra heavy, stout and durable German Twills. A good thing, we think; will be put on sale at 47c a yard. Let this make an impression upon your purse.

Handkerchiefs.

Bargain Counter

200 dozen Ladies' Fine Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, cheap at 12 1/2-20—

Monday 5c each

21 pieces Genuine Turkey Red Table Damask, the 6c kind—

Tomorrow 25c a yard

100 dozen Ladies' Scalloped Embroidered Handkerchiefs, pure linen, well worth 50c—

Monday 23c each

Embroideries.

Bargain Counter.

5,000 yards Fine Cambric and Nainsook Embroideries, worth all the way from 55c to 65c a yard—

Tomorrow 19c

Hosiery Specials.

Main Floor, right of Entrance. Extraordinary values. Imported under the new tariff rates.

200 dozen Ladies' Imported Hose, full regular made, double heels and toes, Hermsdorf black; light, medium and heavy weight

5 pairs for \$1

175 dozen Gents' Imported Half Hose, full regular made, Hermsdorf black, double heels, high spliced heels and double toes.

5 pairs for \$1

100 dozen Ladies' Richelieu Lisle Hose. To close quick

At 25c

125 dozen Ladies' Extra Good Quality Plain Cotton Hose, spliced soles, heels and toes; worth 50c a pair, but we are selling them

3 pairs for \$1

Our 25c Stockings for Misses and Boys have double knees, heels and toes; light, medium and heavy, all sizes 25c or

6 pairs for \$1.35

300 dozen Ladies', Men's and Children's Fast Black Seamless Hose, on bargain table.

At 12 1/2c

450 pairs Ladies' Black Pure Silk Hose, spliced heels, soles and toes

Special \$1.25

Men's Underwear.

Main Floor, Right Aisle. New tariff prices on a most complete stock.

Gents' Fine Merino Shirts and Drawers, well worth \$1.50 per suit—

37 1/2c a garment

Gents' Undyed Natural Wool Shirts and Drawers, same garment last season was \$3 a suit—

Only 75c a garment

We held back from the lot of drummer's samples about 50 dozen Men's Fine Shirts and Drawers that are worth from \$1 to \$2 per garment, intending to put them in regular stock, but we have no boxes for them, so close them out tomorrow—

At 69c per garment

Gents' Medicated Scarlet Wool Shirts and Drawers, regular price \$4 per suit—

98c a garment

Ladies' Glove Fitting Fleece-lined Vests, worth 90c, Monday

49c each

Ladies' Jersey Ribbed Union Suits, worth \$1.50

At 75c each

Ladies' Natural Wool Vests and Pants, regular price \$1.

At 50c each

Linens.

(Main Floor—Left Aisle, Rear of Store.) Substantial bargains that plead to young housekeepers and older ones, too, for no woman lives who does not love pretty table linen.

14 pieces 72-inch, Extra Heavy Bleached Satin Table Damask, worth \$1—

Special at 79c

10 pieces 65-inch German Half Bleached Table Damask, usual price 75c—

Tomorrow 43c a yard

21 pieces Genuine Turkey Red Table Damask, the 6c kind—

Tomorrow 25c a yard

100 dozen Large Size Hemstitched Huck Towels, worth 25c—

Monday 17c

125 dozen Large Size White Dollies, plain, white and colored borders, worth 90c a dozen—

Monday 5c each

Mail Orders.

Orders from out-of-town customers for samples or goods receive prompt attention.

Blankets and Coverings.

50 Real Elderdown Comforts, satine covered.

Monday \$3.50 each

100 Fine 11-4 Marseilles Pattern Counterpanes, worth \$1.75.

Monday \$1.19 each

99 Genuine Marseilles Counterpanes, worth \$2.50.

Monday \$1.98 each

Linen Laces.

Bargain Counter.

A lot of Fine Hand-Made Linen Laces, worth 15c, 20c, and 25c—

Monday 9c yard

Boys' Clothing.

(Second Floor.) Your boy can be fitted out in a new Suit and Overcoat at a very little outlay of money in our spacious and complete Boys' Clothing department.

Tomorrow we sell:

100 Boys' Imported Scotch Cheviot Suits, 6 to 15 years, splendidly made and warranted to wear, worth in clothing stores \$5.

Our price \$3.49 a suit

200 Pairs Boys' All Wool School Pants, worth \$1.25.

Only 50c a pair

79 Pairs Boys' Corduroy Pants, the best wearing material in the world.

Only \$1.19 a pair

127 Boys' Imported Cheviot Suits, navy, black and medium browns, made of best fabric and a new suit given in place of any that tear or rip.

\$5 a suit

Boys' All Wool School Suits, with a pair of extra pants with each suit; double seat, double knee, sewed with silk, warranted not to rip, sold by clothing merchants at \$6.50.

Our price \$3.98 a suit

Junior Velvet Suits, plain and corded, lovely little garments, and worth \$10.

Our price \$7 a suit

Shoes.

(Second floor. Take elevator.) Ladies' Glove Grain Boots, plain and cap toe. \$1.00

Ladies' Patent Tip Dongola Button Boots. 1.00

Ladies' Cloth Top Patent Tip Boots. 1.25

Ladies' Hand-sewed Boots, Opera and C. S. 2.00

Ladies' French Dongola Boots, Opera Toe and C. S. heel, fair stitch. 2.50

Boys' Calf Bals, Cap Toe. 1.00

Misses' Spring Heel, bright Dongola Button, Patent Tip, 12 to 2. 1.25

Child's Button Spring Heel. 50

BIRDS OF THE DEEP.

Something About the Albatross and Other Kings of the Air.

HOW THEY MANAGE TO LIVE AT SEA

Interesting Facts About Gulls, Goosers, Mother Carey's Chickens and Other Birds of the Deep.

"You said there were many birds that live at sea. Tell me something about them—what do they live on, where do they light when they get tired of flying, how do they raise their young, etc.?"

"The most familiar are the gulls, which live exclusively in the air. They are very domestic unless hunted, and in seaport towns are turned to a very profitable use. They are nearly twice as large as a pigeon and have something of their appearance, being white, drab-colored, or both. They frequent bays, vessels, and, and subsist principally on the refuse thrown overboard, being very poor fishermen. At low tide they hunt on the beach for shrimps, clams, mussels, etc. I have seen them take clams in their talons, fly up about 100 feet above the beach and drop the shell, so as to break it open, and then rapidly to secure it before some other rascal got it. When there are many dropping shells there are just as many more lying in wait to rush onto the prize, so that it presents quite an interesting sight to watch. In squabbling the gulls and busy ones, and there is really a look of merriment on one of them when he succeeds in swiping the other's clams, as though he wanted to give him the same laugh for doing the work and losing the pay. We frequently tied two pieces of meat together by a strong string a yard or so long and have it overboard to watch the sport. The minute it struck water several gulls would be ready to grab it and fly off from the others, but one would get one piece and one the other, and start in opposite directions, but the string would break and the gull would turn and make them drop it for two more to grab and go through a similar performance. The excitement would run high among them until their chattering and screeching would be deafening. Perhaps one would get his piece swallowed and make off with the other piece dangling in air, and then the chase would get amusing, with a dozen gulls following the second piece and a tug-of-war followed each time the second piece was caught. It always ended in breaking the string of tearing the meat loose.

"While at work off the coast of Mexico we caught a great many fish and sharks and the gulls got their full share of heads and cleanings. They became so tame as to fly down and take pieces of fish from our hand. One day a young shark about a foot and a half long was thrown overboard and a gull about one foot long undertook to devour him. Like all other birds, they swallow their food whole, and his size would not accommodate the size of the shark, so that about eight inches of the wriggling shark was unaccommodated. Several other gulls wanted to assist him in his job, but he could not turn loose what he already had nor take any better grip on the remaining part still outside. At every pull of the gull the shark entered protest by squirming at a fearful rate, and at every attempt the other birds made to assist the gull there was a vigorous protest on the part of the party of the first part. We never saw the end of it, I mean, of the squabble. They flew away to escape the ridicule of the spectators.

"But how are they profitable?"

"Well, they have regular hatching grounds, where they go to lay their eggs, and (near San Francisco) the Chinese and Dagos take the eggs to market. They call them 'francoline' eggs, named from the small 'francoline' off the Golden Gate, to keep one from suspecting that they are gull eggs. Cheap restaurants and hotels pass them on their customers without the least pang of conscience. Another source of revenue is the fact that they are a traveler, wishing to try everything odd, beware of the famous 'good de chicken to make' for you will be 'gulled' in a seaport town, and laughed at as quite a good joke.

"Another very common bird that lives near the water near shore is the 'shag.' This is a very inferior species of duck or mudhen, which is the least of the birds visible when in the water, the balance being submerged. The reason I mention it is because it is the only kind of bird that swims with its wings, instead of its feet.

"They go through the exact motion of flying when swimming, and use their feet merely as rudders, by means of which they can change their direction by a right angle almost. They swim with great rapidity, enabling them to overtake almost any fish though they rarely eat any kind except very young ones. In the air they are awkward-looking, ungainly things, flying with their long necks and feet stretched to the fullest extent, and make a peculiar whistling noise with their wings like steam escaping from a boiler. They are never seen flying, but are always near the water, being the connecting link between birds and fishes than anything I ever saw.

"There is one other kind of sea bird that lives near the shore that has some reputation, having been immortalized in the coast-of-arms of Louisiana. It is the clumsy pelican. These monstrosities, about twice the size of a goose, have more idea of military order than all the bird creation. They fly in single file, and when the leader flaps his wings they all flap; when he sails they all sail; when he changes direction each one behind him flies up to the line point at which he changed, and there angles in the new direction. When fishing they fly indiscriminately as to direction and stay about fifty or sixty feet above the water. The oment one sights a fish he folds his wings and dives headforemost into the sea, and just as he strikes the water opens his mouth wide, and stretches the large sack that hangs flabbily under the lower beak to its fullest extent, which acts as a seine. This same bag is used as a storage place for his catch until he finishes his meal, when he goes ashore on the rocks to dry and 'enjoy the fruits of his labor.' In water there are sharks they come up immediately after diving and take flight—I suppose to keep from being caught, though I never heard of a shark eating a bird, but I have seen a good many one-legged pelicans, supposed to have had their legs bitten off while fishing.

"There are many other shore birds, such as swans, herons, storks and others too common to mention, though some of them are very interesting to study.

"As we leave the land and get out to sea we meet a different class—birds that never visit the land except to breed. The goosers are the commonest of all. They are a dark brown color, and are about the size of a large gobbler. Their wings are narrow but very long, and they can fly long distances without the least motion of the wings. They follow a vessel clear across the ocean almost to sight of land, but no further. One of the surest indications of approaching land is the loss of the goosers and the appearance of the gulls. Another sure sign of land is the change of color of the water from deep blue to dark green.

"Another deep sea bird, one the sailors hate, is the stormy petrel, commonly known as 'Mother Carey's chickens.'

"These birds look like swallows, being about the same size and color. When the sea is calm these little fellows are very quiet; and when really drowsy, but when there is a storm they are lively enough. They will circle around a ship, laboring in a heavy sea wave, uttering the most hideous screams and cries, while they dart through the flying as if to tantalize the sailors with the danger of the storm. At night when the wind is howling through the rigging and the ship is heaving heavily, it

makes one's blood run cold to hear these little tormentors taunting you with devilish yells.

"There is another small bird very much like the petrel, that is as peaceful as they are turbulent. These are known as whale birds, from the fact that they subsist entirely on the little crustaceans they pick from the body of the whale when it rises to the surface, and they do not frequent waters where there are no whales.

"The grandest of sea birds, the king of them all, is the albatross. This bird grows to a length of four feet and measures from fifteen to seventeen feet from tip to tip and weighs from twenty to thirty pounds. It is an offshoot of the southern race, never, or rarely, getting north of the equator, the only ones north being off the coast of Siberia. The color is pure white and sometimes streaked with black and some on the back. It, like the goosers, has long narrow wings and is capable of flying for days and nights without resting once. It will follow a ship as long as it stays in the latitude it frequents. One pick up the refuse of the ship. Among the natives of the South American coast it is considered very fine eating and they use the long bones of the wings for pipes stems and popguns, they being hollow, of course. They also use the entrails of this bird to make buoys for their fish nets. The entrails are inflated like a bladder and secured at each end of the net to show where the wind and tide is drifting the net. No rare are these birds in the northern hemisphere that large rewards are outstanding from some of the west coast biological stations of England and this country for the safe delivery of a live albatross. Many attempts have been made by seamen to bring across the equator, but they always die. Catching them is an amusing, fastidious piece of meat on a strong fish hook and let it tow along a stern. They soon grab it and hang themselves. With little exertion they can land on deck, swim, and, however, that any sea bird will get deathly seasick when taken aboard a vessel. Although they have been rocked in the cradle of the deep all their lives, it is a different rock from a ship.

"The albatross is the most exclusive of all the sea birds in breeding. They seek some deserted island or coral reef and deposit one egg, which is about six inches in length, white with brown spots over one side. As soon as the young one is able to look out for itself the old ones go on to sea again. Other birds flock to some island in droves and raise their young. On Bogosol volcano, a small island in the Behring sea, is a regular rookery for sea birds. All kinds flock there and lay their eggs and in many instances depend on the heat of the ground to hatch them. The earth is rent in so many fissures where the steam from below comes out, rendering the same heat the year round, and the surface of the ground is a chaotic mass of fresh eggs, stale eggs, young birds, old birds, and egg shells, until you can hardly see at all. On many other islands the birds come in such immense flocks that the natives can go to the rocky shores and pull them down with sticks. They do this especially with ducks and geese. I am told that many people along the Florida coast, which the birds use as rookeries, gather baskets full of eggs every morning and ship them inland to the markets.

"There is a tradition among sailors as old as the sea itself that the souls of dead sailors are transferred to sea birds, there to spend their eternity. Many of them believe it as firmly as they believe their own existence, nor would they think any more of killing one of them than they would killing themselves. We are all familiar with the fate of the 'Ancient Mariner,' who killed the albatross and suffered untold agony for his punishment. His punishment was transformed into a Mother Carey chicken when he departed this life."

G. W. CRUSSELL.

RUBBING IT IN.

Cyclones and Grasshoppers Didn't Fill the Bill.

From The Detroit Free Press.

The farmer with hemp whiskers was talking to the drummer on an accommodation train which was banging along over an Ohio road.

"I used to live out west," he was saying. "How long ago?" inquired the drummer. "Ten years or so."

"You like it?"

"Not much."

"What was the matter?"

"Cyclones and grasshoppers and things."

"I should think if you had cyclones and grasshoppers together they would offset each other."

"You mean, I reckon, that the cyclones would blow the grasshoppers away?"

"Yes, but I never had much luck with them. I was pretty sure I wouldn't get it, but by hook or by crook, it came a-terrarin'."

"Did it blow the hoppers away?"

"Yes, but I never had much luck with them. I was pretty sure I wouldn't get it, but by hook or by crook, it came a-terrarin'."

"Well, they did some. You see, when I first got there I was always scared of cyclones. I thought the hoppers came; then I wanted cyclones, but I never had much luck with them. I was pretty sure I wouldn't get it, but by hook or by crook, it came a-terrarin'."

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"Well, they did some. You see, when I first got there I was always scared of cyclones. I thought the hoppers came; then I wanted cyclones, but I never had much luck with them. I was pretty sure I wouldn't get it, but by hook or by crook, it came a-terrarin'."

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SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Popularity of Science.

As scientific research has so much to do with our daily life, our comfort, our health and happiness, as well as contributing so beneficially to our commercial progress and safety, it is not at all surprising that not only the scientist, but the "average man" is constantly on the alert for every thing pertaining to the progress of science. This modern trend we find that the number of science schools in England has nearly doubled in the past ten years; the number of pupils in the United States has doubled, and the payments to science schools on the results of the examinations have increased by more than 45,000 since last year. This country being more progressive than England, there has doubtless been a much greater advance. In fact, the industrial revolution has been a great one, and the demand for every practical education is constantly increasing.

Universal Typewriter.

The ordinary typewriter is limited in its printing to plain flat surface. For a number of years a C. G. Cray, an inventor of New York, has been experimenting to produce a machine that would adapt itself to books of record, insurance policies and other large documents, and after years of study and work and expenditure of thousands of dollars, Mr. Cray has succeeded in producing a practical, working typewriter, which will be able to print in a book of any width and thickness and print lines of varying lengths, with spacing that will be suited to the will or fancy of the operator.

While this new machine appears to be especially adapted to bookkeepers, its scope of utility extends to the work done by all other typewriters, including manifesting and a single sheet of note paper is manipulated as easily between its rollers as the bank book or bank ledger. It is intended to compete in price as well as in increased range of work with other first-class typewriters.

Antiquity of the Telephone.

An English officer has discovered a working telephone between two temples of India. The system is said to have been in operation for over 2,000 years.

Wood and Wool.

Wool pulp has been put to many uses, but the most extraordinary is in adulterating woolen yarn. A way of spinning the pulp has been discovered, and the product can be made to resemble in appearance and in the proportion of one part of wool to two parts of wool. Much of this composite yarn is said to have been made into hose, and the wearers complain as to wear have been received.

Remedial Use of Apple.

Chemically the apple is composed of vegetable fiber, albumen, sugar, gum, chlorophyll, malic acid, gallic acid, lime and much water. Furthermore, the German analysts say that the apple contains a larger percentage of phosphorus than any other fruit or vegetable. The phosphorus is admirably adapted for renewing the essential nervous matter—lectin—the brain and spinal cord. It is, perhaps, for the same reason, rudely understood that old Scandinavian traditions represent the apple as the food of the gods, who, when they felt themselves to be growing feeble and infirm, resorted to this fruit, renewing their powers of mind and body. Also, the acids of the apple are of singular use for men of sedentary habits, whose livers are sluggish in action, those acids serving to eliminate from the body noxious matter, which, if retained, would make the blood impure and dull, or bring about jaundice or skin eruptions and other allied troubles. Some such experience has been had by the workmen of the apple sauce with roast pork, rich goose and like dishes. The malic acid of ripe apples, either raw or cooked, will neutralize any excess of chalky matter, and render the stomach more active. It is also the fact that such ripe fruits as the apple, pear and the plum, when taken ripe and without sugar, diminish acidity in the stomach rather than provoke it. Their vegetable acids and juices are converted into alkaline carbonates, which tend to counteract acidity.—North American Practitioner.

Cleanliness.

We can fully appreciate the adage: "Cleanliness is next to godliness," when Professor Vivian Lewis cites in "Nature" a case of a child who was given all over to a statue and who died in a few hours, all owing to the stoppage of the functions of the skin. We can live for days without food, our liver may stop and our mind be a burden for a few days, but if we stop the action of our skin absolutely, we die in a few hours. We have about 3,000 subdermic ducts to the square inch of skin, which thrust out into the body about twenty-three ounces of perspiration in twenty-four hours, this being produced by combustion of the waste tissue by the oxygen of the blood, and which evaporates from the skin without any sensible moisture; but this evaporation leaves behind about an ounce of solid matter, which, mixing with the oily and resinous secretions and the dirt adhering to the skin, forms a compound which clogs the pores and leads to disease and death. The removal of this scurf is responsible for the light and fresh feeling experienced by the bath and massage.

Inoculation for Diphtheria.

Probably no disease will create such a commotion in a community as an epidemic of diphtheria. The suffering is agonizing, and the result generally fatal. The official announcement that blood inoculation has been so efficacious in curing this dread disease, as to lead to the introduction of the practice into the hospitals of London and Berlin, will be peculiarly encouraging and comforting to the public. Experiments have been quietly going on under the direction of the most eminent bacteriologists, which have resulted in inoculation of the blood for the cure of diphtheria.

In vaccination for smallpox, the direct poison is injected into the system, while in inoculation for diphtheria, a few drops of the blood from an animal which has been inoculated with a weak culture of diphtheria bacteria is injected into the patient, non-poisonous inoculation has been found sufficient to arrest and cure the disease. It can scarcely yet be ranked as a preventive, but it is attracting much attention in medical circles, and if its efficacy is fully established, as appears very probable, it will prove an inestimable boon in this most dreadful and agonizing disease.

What Will the Man of the Future Eat?

The answer to this question has been undertaken, not by an imaginative writer, but by one of the greatest of living men of science, Professor Berthelot, of Paris; and it may be said at once that, but for his scientific eminence and the undoubted facts upon which he bases his forecast, it would pass the limits of human belief. The epicure of the future is to dine upon artificial meat, artificial flour and artificial vegetables; drink artificial "wines and liquors," and round off his repast with an artificial tobacco, beside which the natural tobacco of the present will seem poor. Indeed, wheat fields and corn fields are to disappear from the face of the earth, because flour and meal will no longer be grown, but made. Herds of cattle, flocks of sheep and droves of swine will cease to be bred, because beef and mutton and pork will be manufactured direct from the elements. Fruits and flowers will doubtless continue to be grown as cheap decorative luxuries, but no longer as necessities of food or ornament. There will be in the great artificial trains of the future no grain or cattle or

coal cars, because the fundamental food elements will exist everywhere and require no transportation. Coal will no longer be dug, except perhaps with the object of transforming it into heat or steam. The engines of the great food factories will be driven not by artificial combustion, but by the underlying heat of the globe. In order to convert the heat of the globe into steam, it must be remembered that milk, eggs, meat, and, indeed, all edibles, consist almost entirely (the percentage of other element is very small) of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen. Oxygen and hydrogen are the two gases which, when combined, form water. Oxygen and nitrogen mixed are in the air we breathe. Carbon forms the charcoal of wood, is the main constituent of coal, and as carbonic acid gas in the air is the chief food of the vegetable world, these four elements, universally existing, are destined to furnish all the food now grown by nature, through the rapid and steady advance of synthetic chemistry.

Synthetic chemistry is the special science which takes the elements of a given compound, and induces them to combine and form that compound. It is the reverse of analytical chemistry, which takes a given compound, and dissociates and isolates its elements. Analytical chemistry would separate water into oxygen and hydrogen, and synthetic chemistry would take oxygen and hydrogen, mix them, put a match to the mixture, and thus form water. For many years past synthetic chemistry has had an eager eye upon food making. It has already progressed so far that several great agricultural industries have been destroyed by its advance, compounds which were once obtained by plant growth in the field are being now entirely furnished by chemical laboratories and direct manufacture. In fact, the clear evidence of the present is that the synthetic chemistry of the future, at some more or less distant period in the future, will destroy all the great agricultural industries, and put the food of the world into the hands of a few men of science, who will be able to produce at will any range of food—Professor Henry J. W. Dam, in McClure's Magazine for September.

The Hottest Place on Earth.

A comparison of the maximum temperature in different parts of the world shows that the great desert of Africa is by far the hottest. This vast plain, which extends from the equator to the north and south, has a temperature of 150 degrees Fahrenheit in the hottest days of summer. It would be impossible for any man to live in the Sahara, Moors, Berbers and Arabs to live, even for a day in the heart of the rainless Sahara. In spite of the fact that the days are extremely hot, the nights are nearly always uncomfortable cool, and the travelers are obliged to burden themselves with blankets in order to endure the change.

Demorest's Family Magazine.

This monthly is appropriately named. Its numerous departments give information, amusement and instruction appreciated by the whole family, as well as the young of the household. It is ably edited, gives close attention to good morals, good living, sanitary and scientific affairs, and is one of the best all-round family magazines published. The last number is always the best.

For Months

I have been a sufferer from trouble with my kidneys. My back was so lame I could not raise myself from my chair, nor could I turn over in bed without great pain. I also suffered much with indigestion. Since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, my troubles have all disappeared. I have been able to get up and move about again. I have never felt so well since. I have been a sufferer from trouble with my kidneys. My back was so lame I could not raise myself from my chair, nor could I turn over in bed without great pain. I also suffered much with indigestion. Since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, my troubles have all disappeared. I have been able to get up and move about again. I have never felt so well since.

Mrs. F. L. Battle, restored to perfect health.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

with poor mortals who cannot eat or sleep with comfort, I give you experience with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Mrs. F. L. Battle, Fairbairn, N. C. Be sure to get Hood's.

Hood's Pills are the best. 25c per box.

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What makes consumption? This question is less interesting to sufferers than one other: What

CURES CONSUMPTION?

Sometimes there is no cure at all, but that is not the case as often as folks suppose. Slocum's Ozonized Norwegian Cod Liver Oil, with Gualacal, always inflammation, stops that weakening cough, and promotes the formation of solid, healthy flesh on emaciated bodies. And it is pleasant to take. It contains healing properties of great value, scientifically combined. That answers the second question.

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ARP AT A WEDDING.

Bill Turns Society Reporter and Writes Up the Front.

HE NATURALLY GETS POETIC
The Affair Was Brilliant and Everybody Enjoyed It Immensely—Everybody Was Happy, Too.

How tearfully is joy and sorrow mixed in this sublimity world. I hear the funeral knell. I see the messengers carrying flowers—pale flowers—to place upon the casket. A mother, a wife or a daughter was suddenly called away to rest; called without warning. A heart that had been loving had ceased to beat and now there is sorrow in that household and desolation in that home. I see the motherless children as I pass and the stricken husband. The good old father and mother have come from their distant home and are broken down with grief.

As I looked upon the lovely wreaths that loving hands had wrought and sent to adorn the dead, I recalled Mrs. Hemans' beautiful lines:

"Bring flowers—pale flowers—o'er the bier to shed,
A crown for the brow of the early dead;
Though they smile in vain for what once was ours,
They are love's last gift—bring flowers—pale flowers."

As I journeyed home I saw more flowers that kind friends were sending to my house and I knew that the separation of friends is part of the common lot. It is not good to grieve over that which we cannot help. Certainly there is no cause to grieve for our house, for it is not far from where our child has gone—only a block or two away, and she will come home every day until we get reconciled. She was away at college for months and we got reconciled. The difference between the time she loved us better than she loved anybody, but now she doesn't. He has cut us out, as we boys used to say when a fellow took our sweetheart away. It is a case of larceny after trust. We trusted the young man with her until he began to claim the goods and would give them up. We acquiesced in the theft and endorsed it in the church and congratulated him on his success. We could help ourselves and concluded it was the best we could do. But she will be missed. No one will do, either, for she is a miss no more. Yes, she will be missed by all of us and Aunt Ann and the dogs, too, for everything loved her. "Daddy, don't no business take Miss Jessie away from here, but I reckon he couldn't help it."

For a time I was sad and my heart was sick. But I remembered that life and death and marriage and the separation of friends is part of the common lot. It is not good to grieve over that which we cannot help. Certainly there is no cause to grieve for our house, for it is not far from where our child has gone—only a block or two away, and she will come home every day until we get reconciled. She was away at college for months and we got reconciled. The difference between the time she loved us better than she loved anybody, but now she doesn't. He has cut us out, as we boys used to say when a fellow took our sweetheart away. It is a case of larceny after trust. We trusted the young man with her until he began to claim the goods and would give them up. We acquiesced in the theft and endorsed it in the church and congratulated him on his success. We could help ourselves and concluded it was the best we could do. But she will be missed. No one will do, either, for she is a miss no more. Yes, she will be missed by all of us and Aunt Ann and the dogs, too, for everything loved her. "Daddy, don't no business take Miss Jessie away from here, but I reckon he couldn't help it."

"Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for the bride to wear!
They were born to blush in her shining hair;
She is leaving the home of her childhood's birth—
She has bid farewell to her father's hearth.
Her place is now by another's side—
Bring flowers, sweet flowers, for the fair young bride."

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And then, as a man having been drunk with wine imagines that everybody knows it, I felt that my secret was out, and I had gone less than a dozen yards when I finished the half stanza:

"Every daisy in the dell
Knows my secret—knows it well,
And yet I dare not tell, Sweet Marie."

Then the whole song came rushing upon me like a mountain stream after a cloud burst. Like a gleam of glory in a gloom it came and flooded my soul and filled me with lusty joy. On I walked—sang my new song and gloried in it as a happy mother glories in the first faint smile of a new-born babe.

When more people and the stars came out and there was no longer room for the wide wings of my muse, I boarded a cab and went out to the very shadows of the hills. Then the white moon came up from the plains, making one of those moonlight nights that invariably follow a perfect day in Denver. The tired lawn mower that had struggled all day against a vigorous brass band at last laid down and the mellow notes of the tuba came faint and far away.

Far into the night I sat there saying it over and over till every line was registered in my memory.

The following summer I gave the poem to General David S. Stanley; he submitted it to Mr. Dana; it was accepted, and on the following Sunday received some editorial mention, and I rejoiced again.

I think it was ex-Congressman Belford, the "red-headed rooster of the Rockies," as he was known in the house, who first advised me to have the verses set to music.

Rayman Moore was in Denver at the time, and I persuaded him to call at my office. When I read the song to him he snapped his fingers—tears of enthusiasm stood in his eyes as he declared that it would make "the sweetest song ever sung."

Out of the third stanza, which begun originally:

Not the sun-glints in your hair
Nor because your face is fair,
Love, to see;
I made a chorus, had my stenographer copy it, then holding the revised copy in his hand he began to hum "Something sweet and slow," he said, "like this," and then he sang exactly as a million mouths have sung since.

"Come to me, sweet Marie,
Sweet Marie, come to me."
I repeated and remembered the notes he sang, and when a year later Will T. Carlton came to the footlights in the Broadway theater and sang the song, I was glad to note that Mr. Moore had not varied a shadow from his first inspiration.

It happened that about the time the first

disappointed.

Why the Duke of Clarence's Death Was Opportune.

"More strange, romantic episodes occur in the palaces of Europe than can be found in all the novels of a circulating library."

"Appropos of the prince of Wales' formal denial of the duke of York's secret marriage at Malta," continued this gossip, "there is the true story of Prince George's love and courtship of his present wife."

No one here in America can imagine how completely Queen Victoria rules in her own family. Over her kingdom she may not rule, but merely reign, but in the circle of her own kinship she reigns paramount, and rules with a rod of iron.

To show you how exacting she is, even in details, the duchess of Edinburgh—sister of the present czar—once took the liberty of presenting herself before the queen one morning in a negligee and so offended the punctilious old sovereign that this descendant of the emperors of all the Russias received no more invitations to visit any one of the royal residences for three years.

Prince George is, really, the handsomest, cleverest and best young prince in Europe, and Princess Mary has few superiors anywhere, royal or non-royal, in all the sweet qualities befitting a woman. The two

AS TOLD BY THE SALESMAN HIMSELF.



1.—"The mad bull was coming after me full tilt. Death stared me in the face."



2.—"But I happened to have a sample package of my French Grover with me; I scattered a little around the root of a little tree, and—"



3.—"I made the narrowest escape of my life."

faint echoes of the song reached the Rocky mountains we started east, and listened with eager ears to hear it sung. The black boy on the Burlington husked his pillows and hummed that tune. At



2.—"I wash it myself before she returns from church."

Chicago we heard it after. At Cleveland a man pounded the wheels with a hammer and sang softly, as to himself.

As we sat at dinner in the Imperial New York the orchestra played it, and where we stopped the shop girls sang it, and even as we exchanged congratulatory smiles a wild-toned street piano played "Sweet Marie" in the street.

At Manhattan Beach we had the great joy of hearing Sousa's band play it; heard Rayman sing it in a theater in town; then Mr. Moore and I went over to see the Manhattan Publishing Company. From there we went to No. 8 Broad street, where each received a check for more money. We thought, then there was in the world.

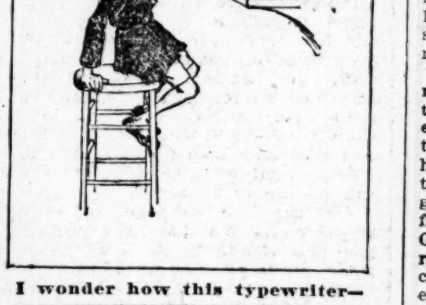
"How'll you have it?" asked a cheery voice, as we faced the paying teller in a Nassau street bank.

"Big piece," said I, "And you?"

"Two one thousand, two five hundred and the rest in tens," said Rayman. And as the money man began to slide out the notes, he said, "I've a secret in my heart."

But that was as far as he got, for we both laughed not at him, of course, but it was time to laugh. CY WARMAN.

HE FOUND OUT.



I wonder how this typewriter—



Jinks—What is experience, anyhow? Hinks—It's what the other fellow leaves you.

Mrs. White—So you think of getting a divorce? But do you think it is expensive? Mrs. Gray—I do, decidedly. It is expensive, I allow; but, then, I intend to marry my lawyer after I win my suit.—Boston Transcript.

PALACE ROMANCES.

Why the Duke of Clarence's Death Was Opportune.

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were near of an age, and were playmates and comrades from childhood. So in course of times those about them began to bracket their names, and all their confidants knew how it was between them.

But after the fashion of sensible, practical old people, the queen was not occupying herself much with thoughts of love-making or young folks' fancies, she considered May a healthy, amiable young person, well suited for dignities and responsibilities, she knew her people would like the heir to make an English marriage, and she thought it high time Clarence settled down and gave up his last foolish flirtation with the Princess Helene of Orleans, who as a French Catholic princess in exile would certainly never be accepted by parliament for England's future consort.

Nobody dared whisper. When grandma-

from the skin. Every one knows how terrible is the suffering caused by nipping the muscles and flesh at the back of the arm, and the Grand Duke Serge, like all of the czar's family, has fingers of iron. The poor girl gave a gasp and fell back in her chair almost fainting with pain. George made a motion as if to catch the malicious brute by the collar, but a glance from his cousin restrained him. Serge passed on, and the dance was finished somehow. Prince George flushed and angry, and bitterly distressed for his pretty cousin; she white-lipped and desperate looking, as one almost at the end of her patience. When she left the ballroom as soon as the dance was concluded, her arm all down the back had already turned green as if from some horrible bruise.

Now that little Alice has grown up to be even more lovely than her beautiful sister, her fairness has opened to her a wonderfully brilliant future, if one considers it from a worldly point of view only, for to be empress of Russia is a great rise in the world for a princess of Hesse; but it is common talk in Germany that Alice, knowing what her sister's private life has been, is very distrustful of all Russians and enters upon her married life with many and great misgivings. M. M. DOYLE.

Visitor—Where is your mamma?
Little Girl—She has gone out for five minutes two hours ago.—Buffalo Commercial.

When one girl tells you that she always prefers to spend the summer at the shore and another girl tells you that she

3.—Stop your howling or I'll scold you.

ma says certain things are to be, no one of the family presumes—even faintly to mur-

Clarence knew quite well that Helene and he could never marry. May did not dare refuse the offer of the future King of England. He was for George, he made no comments at all, but as the future King of England remained persistently with his ship during all the gayeties and rejoicing in honor of Clarence's marriage.

Suddenly, for no hand in, however, and fate is even less to be gained than royal grandmothers. The duke of Clarence, who had seemed moody and distrustful all the while, became a speechmaker, the balls and dinners of the betrothal period—suddenly succumbed to a slight cold, and then his family learned for the first time, through the ravings of his delirium, how deeply his affections were engaged by the pretty French exile, and how far matters had gone between them before the victim went to his death.

May, after a swift and fatal decline, the two lovers and playmates found the obstacle to their happiness removed beyond the reach of all earthly disappointments and hopes, and they who had resigned themselves to life-long sorrow and separation reunited upon a throne!

Of all the romantic happenings among the royalties, none has been more romantic than this love story of the duke and duchess of York, and those who tell this foolish tale are not to be taken seriously.

Have small exception of what happens to the two young people who are some day to govern England have found in their longed-for love story a happy ending.

George cannot bear to let his wife be separated from him for even a day. If duty compels him to travel, Princess Mary leaves even the dearest friends behind and follows the sailor prince wherever he goes—remembering how nearly their separation was for life.

This same gossip traveler, speaking of the meek submission shown by members of the royal families of Europe when the question of marriage is decided for them by their elders, said the Princess Alice of Hesse, Queen Victoria's granddaughter, is said to be desperately reluctant to wed the czar-vitch, although he is the most brilliant royal part in the world.

Her reluctance is probably the fruit of her sister, the Grand Duchess Serge's, experience. She, before the development of Alice into womanhood, was easily the most beautiful woman in Europe, and it was considered a great match for this poor, pretty princess from the little obscure principality of Hesse to marry into the royal family of Russia—a match which she loved solely to her great beauty. "But she has paid a heavy price for it," said the gossip narrator.

"Serge is the typical Russian, who requires a woman to be devoted to him, and Tartar. He has all the savage instincts of Peter the Great, and they are only kept very slightly in check by the opinions of a more civilized modern world."

Some years ago, before Prince George was married, he was visiting in Athens. The Grand Duchess Serge was there, and very pleased to see again her kind, pleasant English cousin. At a ball at the palace one night they danced the cotillon together, and anything more enchantingly beautiful than she looked it would be hard to imagine.

Any one would have supposed that any husband would have been adoringly proud of such a lovely wife, but the ugly tempered Serge chose only to be furiously jealous of his own happiness, and his coming behind her chair where she sat beside Prince George waiting for her turn in the figures then being danced, he pinched her bare arm until the blood nearly spurted.

JEWELERS' TERMS.



Milk Punch.

Filled Case.

called a meeting of his cashiers, bookkeeper, foreman and his wife and children. The latter were convinced that his object was to hand over the works to them, for he had more than once given them to understand as much, saying: "Take everything, I want nothing now."

He opened the meeting by asking his cashiers for their reports. They declared the works to be so heavily in debt that it would be criminal to keep them going any longer on credit. "Very well, go at once to the court," he said to his bookkeeper, "and report my insolvency." His wife and children protested loudly and indignantly. They would make things commercially right again if he would only give them the works. But he was inexorable; the bookkeeper went and six months later everything was sold for a song. Then, addressing his family, he said: "Now, the time is come for us to separate. My dear wife can seek comfort with her unofficial spouse, your dearest children, can take refuge under the wing of your loving mother. As for me—Here he called his servant, 'Is everything ready?' 'Everything.' 'Hand them here.' The servant gave him a pair of top boots, an old overcoat, and a shabby hat. 'Where is the waiter?' 'Here, please.' He flung the waiter his shoulders, took the staff, and his hand, made the sign of the cross, and kissed his old servant.

Then, without a word of farewell for his

wife, on which is a ruby, an emerald and an amethyst. The effect is marvelous. Mrs. Burke-Roché is fond of rings and seldom wears less than four or five. A pinky ring on her right hand set with a cat's eye; besides the wedding ring and a circle of pearls with the narrow gold guard; there is a pinky ring on the left hand and two on the third finger, one with a huge solitary pearl, surrounded with small diamonds; the other set with a sapphire.

Mrs. Faran Stevens decks her hands brilliantly upon festive occasions; more often she wears only her wedding ring, a narrow band of the old-fashioned type and rather worn from long wearing. She possesses a ring, which once belonged to the Turkish empire, which is certainly wonderful. There is an intricate band woven of fine silver. At the setting is a lizard, made of diamonds. In the tail is a sapphire, and when it is touched the mouth of the lizard opens to divulge the interior of the throat, which is made of rubies and diamonds.

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THE REASON.



Mr. Channey doesn't wear his hair this way because he's a football player.

wife or children, he left the house forever. Many years have passed since then and through them all she remained faithful to the memory of the "silent being." His wife died in misery long ago. Last week the former millionaire himself found rest at last in the poor man's grave, unwept, unremembered, unnoticed.

Young Lady—You promised long ago to give me a lock of your hair, Lieutenant. Lieutenant—Cut off last one only yesterday, miss; you'll have to wait now for the West crop.—Mannheimer Volksbote.

She—Do you play croquet, Mr. Midlams? He—No, without swearing.—Boston Transcript.



4.—Cat: What's that you say—

always prefers to spend the summer at the mountains, you may be pretty sure that the first young lady takes and the second young lady freckles.—Summersville Journal



IDLE THOUGHTS OF A BUSY WOMAN.

Enough for a bit of scandal!

The gay season can't begin without it, and this time it is an unusually interesting and amusing morsel. The woman is pretty, of course, I never knew but one ugly woman to get herself badly talked about. She is young, too, which adds a tender touch of innocence to the tale that would be quite appealing save for the fact that she has been married some time.

The story runs that her husband, madly jealous on account of the attentions she recently received at a summer resort far from home, is now suing for a divorce.

These attentions, or at least the particular set of attentions that caused his ire, I am told, were showered upon her by a young society man whom no one would suspect of being really wicked—a mild-mannered cavalier, a diletante d'homme, a maker of sweet jests and sugared phrases.

The story goes that the frate husband being overcome with choleric emotions was off to look the lady in her boudoir, when this gentleman came up to the particular inn where she stayed for a social evening, and the lover was left to quote amorous poetry beneath the stars, black-as-day for love's undying and height for divorces and pistols for two. Indeed the thing all seems such a jest that I cannot refrain from making it one.

That the husband was jealous of this particular trifle, I have heard from good authority, but I really think that's about all there is to the story.

With every day the new fashions come floating southward in clouds of ribbon and lace and chiffon and flowers. The millinery openings this week filled the places with interested and delighted shoppers, for the first thing a woman considers at each changing season is a new bonnet. She may do well enough for a few October weeks with the dark brown and the deep reds of summer wardrobe, but she cannot manage to content herself with the faded flowers and dusty ribbon of her summer chapeau, so down she goes with her bonnet and looks for the life of herself and her acquaintance depends upon this one necessary purchase. She finds these wonderful things, too, and if she is not slim and pretty, with a flower like she will be rather appalled at the dazzling array of spread-out trimmed hats and bonnets she sees before her. Emphatically the extreme style in millinery are not round-faced women, who, if they would look well must modify the big bows and aligrettes and bonbons and ruffles of lace to suit their unclassical faces. But for slender, rosy-cheeked youth the hats are just right and fashion, like everything else, considers the needs of her debauche daughters above that of every body else.

The big hats are beautiful and are shown in all sorts of new materials. The plaited straw of satin or felt are used a great deal for entire bonnets or for the edges of big hats, toques and bonnets. One large black hat of this satin imitation of rough straw has an edge of full-blown black chignon, while the body has two high aligrettes of tiny ostrich feathers. Cerise is the newest pink shade among the many pinks shown this season. This in old times would have been called bright rose color. Like all the other pinks and reds, it is used to brighten up darker colors and is especially charming with black, brown and emerald green. One rather large black hat in bolero-shape has a full, shirred crown of cerise velvet and the same shade shirred down two-thirds of the under brim. A charming and becoming pink it is put near the face.

The blue blue in many tints obtains in millinery as in dresses and it is combined with any other color one pleases—green, brown, black and white. Blue blue roses, though botanically impossible, bloom profusely this season on beauty's chapeau. An odd feature is the little drooping fringe of lace feathers or ribbon at the back of most of the hats and toques. These bits of adornment are to fall over the impending chignon that will be the fashion of femininity into the depths of a consuming and large-headed ugliness, the worst of all the 1934 revivals that has yet come upon us.

The pretty hat alone make them bearable. The combining of black and white ribbon with magenta velvet is a noticeable millinery feature and some very smart walking hats are being made in this way. The big hat with its flaring bows at the back or front will be the very worst thing yet worn by women at the theater and it is doing no good to a small revolt and a consequent banishment of head coverings on such occasions why nothing will.

Besides the hat and the stiff hat that goes with the tailor gown, there is another small walking hat which is pretty, but rather indescribable. It is a sort of plaque shape and is trimmed with a wide band of the back with bows or aligrettes. A number of them come in different colored felts, with black satin ridges, an odd and stylish material.

The newest and most beautifully made gowns seen recently were brought straight from some of the great houses on the other side. Two of these and, I believe, the loveliest, were from Paquin, the man milliner, who now, it is said, stands ahead of all the others in Paris. One of these was an evening toilet; the skirt was of heavy corn-colored satin, trimmed on either side with applied jet, beginning at the waist and coming down into long points at the knee line. The waistband was finished with a fold of magenta velvet caught on one side with a knot of yellow velvet. The bodice was of black chiffon over white satin, the sleeves were to the elbow and enormous, the neck cut round and the chignon caught at the back with violets.

The unique and beautiful walking suit by the same artist is of dark brown face cloth. The skirt is perfectly plain, save for a quaint 1880 effect up the front, narrow velvet caught on either side with jet small beads. The belt has a fold of the magenta velvet and the waist has an odd combination in trimming of white satin, blue velvet and jet.

A lovely toilet from Doucet is of fine tan crinkled crepe cloth. The skirt is made plain over tan silk and the waist is formed of fluted chiffon alternating with black lace insertion and made over pinkish blue silk. The simple sleeves are of the tan crepe cloth and the throat of the bodice falls to the waist in soft feminine folds, a lot of pleated chiffon. The odd feature in Paquin's dresses is the way in which the skirts are gathered on to a little V-shaped full tail of a waist and give a most smart and elegant appearance to his skirts.

The most magnificent dress in this lot was a silk purchased in Brussels. It was a gorgeous black moire antique that could have literally stood alone had it been required to do so. The fabric was ribbed and the moire stripes were odd and rich. The

TYPES OF SOUTHERN BEAUTY.



MISS EDMIE BOYNTON, of Knoxville, Tenn.

skirt was very full and plain and the bodice, cut square and with big full sleeves, was trimmed elegantly, but simply, with net embroidered with cut jet.

A revival of olden days is to be found in the old little folding fans now being carried by all feminine Paris. These are in all shades of satin and silk and are invariably spangled in satin or gold. The noticeable dress feature of the season is the fact that the skirts, so far as material and exact color is concerned, are entirely different from the bodice, and even where the bodice is cut from the same stuff as the skirt it is so obscured and changed in trimming that one does not recognize any near relationship between the two garments. But there is a relationship when the style is in the hands of a real artist and no doubt this is the reason why the fashion was created by such people, for these gowns bring out to a high degree the ability or lack thereof in the people who make them. To attempt such combinations when one is one's own dressmaker, or is able to employ only an ordinary craftsman, would be the height of folly. The best plan under such circumstances is to stick to the sure and pretty plan of a black satin or moire skirt with as many pretty waists as one can afford.

A pretty young agent from a well-known Baltimore modiste is showing her patrons here some beautiful designs for evening, dinner and street costumes. In the evening gowns chignon, that which there is nothing prettier or more becoming, figures extensively, and for dinner toilets she shows some magnificent moire and satins, speaking of dress trimmings, this pretty agent said: "Let me home modiste deceive you into the idea that skirts are to be trimmed much this season. It is not, whatever the fashion papers and dress-makers may say. Skirts are not trimmed in Paris, and won't be here. The skirt of the future will be a simple way, but there are no ruffles and furberies even on the latest of evening skirts."

This positive fact must relieve the mind of every woman with a true eye for beauty, since nothing lends more stately dignity and grace to the figure than do the full flowing lines of simple drapery.

The entertainment in which the women managers are at present most interested is the bazaar, which some of the members of the board, with the assistance of their committees, propose having on the 10th of December. The plans made for this affair are extensive and lovely. Every department is to have at its head a capable and artistic woman, assisted by an able committee. The entertainment is to be, so far as the work is concerned, chiefly in the hands of the young ladies who are interested in the woman's department of the exposition.

They have already begun a lot of beautiful work in linen and silk for the bazaar, and besides the booths for linen embroidery, fancy pillows and cushions, tissue paper, children's fine hand-made garments, And a Japanese room, where tea will be served, and a toy booth, both together containing all the wonderful things that Santa Claus brings, and the 11th of December will be a good time to purchase them. There will be a restaurant, with practical and delicious proofs of the excellent talent for cooking possessed by many of the dainty-fingered daughters of society. And a Japanese room, where tea will be served by pretty maids in Japanese costumes, will be another of the many charming features that will make this bazaar what it proposes to be—the loveliest ever seen.

A wedding now creating a great deal of interest in southern society is that of Mr. Ellis Talbot and Mrs. Chopin, of Macon, which will take place some time in November. Both are people very well known throughout the south, and they have in Atlanta many number of friends to wish them bon voyage on the sea of matrimony. They will be very happy I am sure, for they are congenial in their tastes and sincerely fond of each other. Mrs. Chopin is widely known to be a remarkably brilliant and entertaining woman, and with her intimates she is known also to be sincere and lovable. Her wit, while ever sparkling and inspiring, is not of that cruel kind that leaves a bitter taste in the memory. She is a delightfully cultured woman, being one of the few who have done a great deal of intelligent reading, and all those resources make her one, not only to win affection, but to be capable of retaining it.

Mr. Talbot is not a native Georgian, having come to Macon some years ago, but he is thoroughly identified with the social life of that city. He is extremely handsome and is a charming man in every way.

STYLES OF SLEEVES.

New York, September 30.—It was her passionate love of overdone stuffs, we are told, that prompted the English Queen Mary to introduce the big sleeve, forerunner of the gasbagg.

Only through distention, vast puffing and wiring could the costly gold embroidered fabrics of her time be displayed to advantage, but today the big sleeve is declared congenial in its tastes and sincerely fond of each other. Mrs. Chopin is widely known to be a remarkably brilliant and entertaining woman, and with her intimates she is known also to be sincere and lovable. Her wit, while ever sparkling and inspiring, is not of that cruel kind that leaves a bitter taste in the memory. She is a delightfully cultured woman, being one of the few who have done a great deal of intelligent reading, and all those resources make her one, not only to win affection, but to be capable of retaining it.

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The foundations of a sleeve in any of the

gaudy were now fashionable does not begin, as one would naturally think, with a simple silk lining. It is a complicated and awe-inspiring affair, and often calls for considerable thinking, no matter how accomplished the builder.

First, there is a smallish lining in some soft, dainty silk; this is covered by a huge one, puffed, folded and plaited in heavier silk or satin, which, in turn, is interlined with stiff tarlatan or crinoline, and perhaps

leasily over the bust and laid low on the skirt. The sleeves of satin are ballooned like, and the wearer must needs have considerable style of her own—that "immense" effective something undefinable—to carry off this toilet as a whole.

Last and best of all for one who can wear quaint frocks is a heavy old brocade, with a shot ground of green and gray, overpuffed with a rose flush, strewn with pink and lavender flowers and edged at wide intervals with narrow blue satin lines of the new blue or cornflower shade. The overdress is a decollete semi-poloisade, with a wide collar of old lace. There is a flounce of deeply yellowed lace on a white satin petticoat; an under bodice in effect proves to be really a full guimpe of white cloth, and from the large elbow sleeves fall deep frills of old lace, while sleeves of chiffon cover the forearm. This has the effect of a low-necked and sleeveless dress that would be time would successfully veil arms and necks that were not over-plump.

Truly, the secret of dress is more than half in the selection.

ETIQUETTE OF INTRODUCTION.

Regulations which govern the presentation of men and women to each other as members of society are based on common sense and necessity, although every one unites to abuse them.

A hostess would have time for nothing else and would be constantly absent from her post to greet new comers if she insisted upon introducing all of her guests to each other.

The trouble with us in large cities is that this branch of etiquette is founded on English manners, and we stop there instead of following up its real meaning, which is that under the roof all are friends. If this were observed, then guests would talk generally, and things move more gracefully.

But surely a woman could introduce her friends at dinner or a ladies' luncheon and not tax herself?

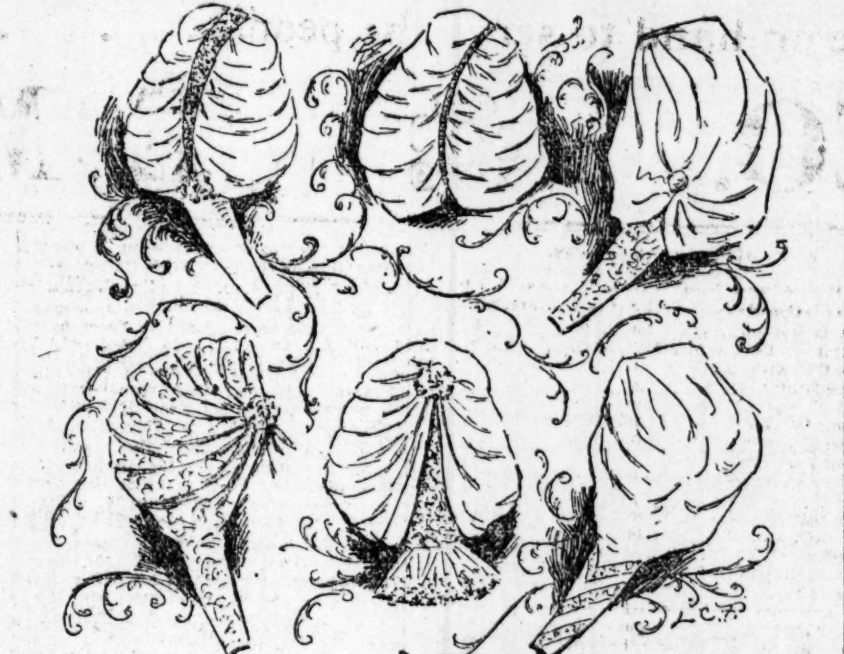
Probably. But usage is the law, the judge, the rule of manners as of speech, and since no one does it, then no one brings it into favor. It is not considered necessary to present people generally, only each gentleman to his partner for dinner, or, if there is a lion every one is presented to him or her. Personally, I cannot see why at small affairs this conventionality should be observed.

Nothing is worse form than indiscriminate introductions. Members of society should not force upon others the people they themselves do not care to know, and a person should always be asked if an acquaintance is desired. True, it is not considered necessary to acknowledge casual acquaintances, but a little tact prevents all unpleasantness.

On one's "at home" day it is not good form to present the coming to the party guest, especially if they are women who live in the same town. Calls would have been exchanged or some common friend had arranged their meeting, and there had been any reason or desire for acquaintance.

Street introductions are also superfluous. You may be with friends and stop to shake hands with people you have not seen for some time, but there is no special desire on your part for these people to meet, it is much wiser and politer not to introduce them.

At a point of precedence in presenting, there is none; only the younger woman to the older, and a man to a woman, a professional man always by his wife. The woman in her own home should always shake hands when a guest is presented; men should shake each other's hands. I think the southern fashion of a woman ex-



Some New Sleeves.

dim dead leaf tone, that one felt somehow should only fall in picture lines. Its long cuff, over turquoise blue satin, as well as the lower line of the neck, a pretty style the one next it, was of dull biscuit lace.

For Demi-Toilet.

For sweet Marie to wear to an afternoon tea there is a picturesque suggestion in this liberty silk finish museline, one of the imported novelties of this season. There is a pure white background, figured with green tinted blossoms. The entire bodice (which has no collar, but is gathered about the lower line of the neck, a pretty style for a pretty throat) is of vivid yellow satin. About the waist is a crushed gradle of green velvet. A scarf of white chiffon, lace bordered, starts from each shoulder, crosses softly over the bust, passes to the back and ties in sash fashion, the ends falling upon the skirt. There are two full skirts, one tucked up high and the other, the most exquisitely tilted affair of white velvet, tied under the chin with green velvet strings and nodding above with yellow velvet roses.

RARE LACES.

The fashionable women of Newport are all greatly interested in old lace at present.

It seems that the Countess de Brazza-Sabourgnan-Cort-Blocum, of New Orleans, whose present abode is Rome, has been visiting at Newport this summer and incidentally trying to interest women of the "old" in her pet scheme for helping the lace workers of Italy; she is succeeding admirably and every one is ordering lace berthes and lace flounces galore.

New York business men value lace more than any other city in the world. It has at least a score of women whose lace exceeds \$50,000 in value and probably a hundred whose collections would sell for \$20,000; \$500 fitches, \$200 handkerchiefs, \$200 scarves and a \$1,000 overdress, all mere bagatelles in the wardrobe of the wives of millionaires.

Brussels is a pillow lace, indeed. Barbara Lisman, the inventor of pillow lace, lived and died there.

The pattern, drawn upon parchment, is fixed firmly to the pillow, pins are stuck along the outline and the lace is woven by crossing and twisting the threads, each of which ends in a bobbin. Lace two inches wide, requires two or three hundred bobbins. A piece of lace is sometimes as many as a thousand. The thread is spun from the best Brabant flax, in damp dark cellars, whose one ray of light falls on the spinner's hand. As the lace is never washed before it is sold, the most exquisite neatness is observed in everything connected with it. Still as handma are consumed in making very handsome pieces, the work turns dirty in spite of the lace workers' best efforts. To remedy that it is sometimes dusted with white lead in powder, and turns dark at contact with gas or sulphur, in a way to exasperate the wearer.

Point d'Alencon is universally acknowledged the richest and most beautiful of all lace. It is characterized by a raised ornamental; the cordonnet or cording of the cloth



An Autumn Coat.

and some dancing green plumes. This is an example par excellence of the art with which French modistes produce, without apparent effort, a ravishing picture.

An Evening Dress.

White satin, rich and lustrous, with under petticoat frills, and also a double berth of pink mirror velvet, glittering with spangles upon the round bodice, so to the making of a striking party frock for a belle. The skirt of satin is shortened to disclose the foot ruffles; there is a waistband of gold galon, and from the low, round shoulders a scarf of spangled chiffon passes care-

less is made by a horse hair which the worker introduces in order to give strength and substance.

Of the delicate point de Venise, seemingly wrought out of mists and cobwebs, almost out of nothing, the following pretty legend is told:

In the islands of the Lagoon a sailor youth from the south seas brought home to his betrothed a piece of lace, a bunch of delicate coraline, trailing her it was the lace which the mermaids wove in the coral caves under the transparent waves of the Indian ocean.

"Pretty as it is," said the young lace worker, "I will make something with my needle far prettier. My bridal veil shall be of mermaid's lace."

The sailor lover sailed away and was gone for months.

Day by day, the young girl worked with her needle, forming the white knots and tiny stars, and uniting them by delicate "brides" until an exquisite long scarf of lace was produced, so marvelously beautiful that when she wore it for her bridal veil it became the admiration of all Venice. Princesses and queens became the patrons of the young worker in mermaid's lace, and at last the fine, patternless guipure, which



A Pinat Wrap.

is par excellence, point de Venise, became the fashion of all Europe.

Mrs. Pierpont Morgan and Mrs. Morton have many charming examples of this beautiful lace. Mrs. Hicks-Lord has a fan of point de Venise lace, mounted on ivory sticks. Mrs. Seligman, too, has a number of pieces of point de Venise, in fact it is the desire of every woman to possess one bit at least of the lace which so strongly resembles a filmy cobweb.

Honiton is the English royal lace; it was made fashionable by Queen Victoria, who, commiserating the condition of the lace makers of Devonshire, ordered her wedding dress to be made at Honiton.

The dress cost \$3,000; it was composed entirely of Honiton sprigs, connected on the pillow by a variety of open-work-attaches; the patterns were immediately destroyed, so that the dress could not be reproduced.

The bridal dresses of the princess royal, the Princess Alice and the princess of Wales, were of Honiton lace; the patterns consisting of the national flowers, the princess' feathers intermixed with ferns, and introduced with the happiest effect.

In making Honiton lace, the sprigs are first worked in with the pillow, afterward applied or sewn on the ground, which is very beautiful and regular and also very expensive, as it is made of the finest thread.

The lace maker's gains were very remunerative in olden times. She would receive as much as eighteen shillings a yard for the workmanship alone of a piece of this elaborate net, measuring scarce two inches in width.

The Singer and the Song.

She sang of the joy while her heart was broken in her breast.

And when the waves of strife dashed high She sang a song of rest.

Full lightly did she sing of love When love from her was fled;

And of the sweet, sweet hopes of youth, When hope in her was dead.

And who he listened whilst she sang Would sigh and say, "Ah, she!"

What would I give of gold or fame To be as glad as she!"

GEORGIA B. BURNS.

SOCIAL NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE WEEK.

Invitation cards are out announcing the approaching nuptials of Miss Frances Thompson and Mr. Dan Connolly Lyle, which will occur on the 10th instant. The marriage which unites these two young people will be happy and bright. Miss Thompson is a beautiful young woman with many noble traits of character which endear her to all who know her, and Mr. Lyle is an estimable and worthy young man. Miss Thompson is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Erwin W. Thompson. The wedding, which will be a very quiet affair, will occur at the family residence, "Fernside," a reception will be given by Mr. and Mrs. Thompson the evening after the marriage.

Mrs. H. J. Minims, of Lakeland, Fla., is visiting Mrs. W. H. Minims at 126 West Hunter street.

Mr. Den Rountree gave a luncheon yesterday at the Capital City Club to Mr. Frank B. Jordan, of New York. Mr. Jordan, who is to wed Miss Williams this week, is the son of one of New York's most prominent men. He is himself rapidly winning distinction in the metropolis.

Mrs. Mammie Shaver, of Conyers, is the guest of Mrs. Wallace P. Reed, of Fairlie street. Mrs. Shaver's charming personality and literary accomplishments have made her widely known and popular throughout Georgia.

Mrs. J. R. Lewis and Mr. Harold B. Lewis have joined General Lewis at the Knobel for the winter, after having spent the summer at the seashore, and West Point Military academy with Cadet Frederick W. Lewis.

Miss Bartow Sims and Mr. Will Bowers were married October 23 at Big Oaks, the

Continued on Second Column Seventh Page.

Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair.

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant. 40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

COMPARE GOODS As Well as Prices. **YOU SHOULD SEE THE EXPOSITION** OF **FALL GOODS** AT **M. RICH AND BROS.** THE SEASON OPENS.

Every Department Filled With New Goods of the Very Latest Design and Style.

Dress Goods, Silks, Linens, Flannels, HOSIERY, UNDERWEAR, FURNITURE Carpets, Art Goods, Upholstery, Curtains, Etc. **YOU WILL NOT WONDER** WHY THIS HOUSE SO EASILY LEADS IN **DRESS GOODS**

When you see the amazing accumulation of New Fabrics, New Weaves, New Colors and Exclusive Designs that no other house in this city can procure. In addition to the Novelties look at our line of Ladies' Cloths and Storm Serges in all the leading shades.

Silks! Silks! Silks!

Silks of the highest standard and most desirable weaves, matching all the new colorings in Fall Dress Goods and in great abundance for Silk Waists, etc.

Our Velvet Stock

Now filled with the latest importations of new shades for trimmings, collars, etc.

Cloaks! Cloaks!

From the best makers.

Jackets. Jackets.

See those 3-4 length Kersey Cloth tight-fitting Jackets, in all colors, beautifully trimmed in cloth, and tailor made, 3-4 length Reefers in all colors. 3-4 length fur-trimmed Coats and others of the latest styles from the leading manufacturers of fine garments in America.

Capes. Capes.

"The Tourist," "The Goff," and Fine Plush and Cloth Capes of all the latest makes.

Plush Capes, long and medium lengths, trimmed after the style of our best imported garments with all kinds of fur and other new trimming.

Suits. Suits.

Ladies' ready-made Suits, in all the newest materials received yesterday.

Suits with 3-4 length tight-fitting jackets. Suits with 3-4 length reefer jackets. Suits with 3-4 length cutaway jackets. These goods are tailor made and the most perfect shape and finish yet shown. Suits from \$8.50 to \$22.50 that are better than those shown last season at \$15 and \$30.

Hosiery Specials.

100 doz. Fall and Winter Hosiery, seamless and fast black, per pair..... 10C

125 doz. Hermsdorf dye, Ladies' full regular Hosiery, 50 gauge, with double heels and toes, our 50c quality. We sell this week 3 pairs for..... 85c

Underwear Specials.

50 doz. Ladies' Fleece-lined Vests, good value, at 40c. Special this week at, each..... 25c

35 doz. Gents' Double-breasted Camel's Hair Undershirts. Big value, each..... 50c

Flannel Specials.

25 pieces handsome patterns in Fleece-lined Outing Flannels just received Only 10c per yard

15 pieces Eiderdown Cloths, all shades, fast colors, former price 75c per yard. 50c per yard

OCTOBER SALE

OF **FURNITURE & CARPETS**

In our Furniture warehouses the entire storing capacity is packed with furniture of every conceivable style and design. Carload after carload has arrived until every available corner is filled with something new in the line.

IT MATTERS NOT

What prices appear in today's advertisements elsewhere, we will cut the price on Furniture, Carpets, Upholstery Goods and Curtains until they are too ridiculous to quote and far out of the reach of competition. Our Customers will receive the benefit of the great bargains purchased by us in the last month. Reliable goods at the lowest prices.

Special prices on all Carpets. Consider goods as well as prices and you will find the best values in the South.

CARPETS.

Lace Curtains and Cut Draperies.

The stocks are without comparison in beauty and price, and the workmanship excels anything in the south.

Get Our October Sale Prices Now.

M. RICH & BROS.

54 and 56 Whitehall Street.

COMPARE
WORKMANSHIP
AND STYLE.
EXPOSITION

GOODS
BROS.
OPENS.
New Goods of
and Style.

Flannels,
WEAR,
URE
Curtains, Etc.
WONDER
LEADS IN

GOODS
ew Fabrics, New Weaves,
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our line of Ladies' Clothe

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Prices Now.

BROS.
Street.

THE STAR LAUGHER.

Mr. Berrymen, Disconcerted the "Spider
and the Fly" People by His Smile.

IT WAS MUCH TOO FUNNY FOR HIM

The Pretty Song-and-Dance Artist Got
Mad and Quit, but the Good-Natured
Laugher Kept It Up.

A laugh, strange, unique and peculiar was
the star feature of the matinee production
of the "Spider and Fly" company at the
Grand yesterday afternoon.

Trained by many other laughs in the the-
ater, but they were minor and subsidiary
affairs to the great pre-empting gurgles
of mirth which disconcerted players and
paralyzed spectators. Even the hardened
funny man was thrown out, and the pretty
song and dance artist absolutely refused
to go on with her song—refused indignantly,
and wanted the champion laughist to stop
and give her a chance.

But the young lady didn't know a good
thing. The audience showed its apprecia-
tion of the star laughter of the country by
giving him an ovation that must have
warmed his heart. The dancing fairy sim-
ply pouted.

The manager was boiling over with rage.
He rushed hither and thither for a police-
man, shouting for revenge. Meanwhile the
laugh rippled along, and the audience that
had paid to be amused by the theatrical
people laughed uproariously at a young
man who occupied a conspicuous seat in
the front row and laughed and laughed and
laughed until the roof cracked and the
foundation groaned.

It was in the second act. The play was
going finely. There had been some clever
songs and some dazzling appearances of
whole companies of beauties. The players
seemed perfectly composed, and they were,
for they did not know that Church N. Ber-
ryman, of Louisville, sat in a front seat.
Mr. Berrymen's fame as a laughist is not
confined to any small and limited section
of this country—it is national.

The funny men did something real funny,
and the audience uttered a silly, effem-
inate, insane titter. Mr. Berrymen laughed.
It was a strong, robust laugh, full of good
feeling and mirth—a laugh that came
from the heart. The comedian cut short his lines
and got out of the way.

Then a young woman without skirts came
on to sing a tipping song. It was really a
clever bit of music, but right in the midst
of it Mr. Berrymen became amused and
laughed. The young woman sang bravely
on despite the uproar. But it became in-
creasingly outrageous and a stopped off short.
"I'm with you, old boy," she said in a
fairy fashion, and the audience howled.

Then Brown, the funny author, came on.
He made Berrymen laugh more and more.
In sheer desperation Brown rushed off to
throw himself in the sea. It was impossi-
ble for him to keep up his lines. He fell
upon his knees, right in the midst of Ber-
ryman's laugh, and began writing furiously
in his big diary.

"What are you doing?" inquired Oceania
between ripples of mirth. Oceania is the
star. She is a living picture herself in her
costume of elegant and atmospheric.

"Writing a new laugh for that man!"
shouted Brown. Then the audience howled.
Loud above the clamor rose Berrymen's
jolly voice, pitched to a new key, as if he
had already caught the author's idea and
had adopted it. Men yelled with laughter
and the scene was as lively as scenes ever
set to be in a theater.

About this time fair Razzle Dazzle came
on with her piping song. She had with her
three of the principals of the company,
who turn about sang a verse of a topical
song. Razzle Dazzle sang two lines of her
song in tip-top style when Berrymen's laugh
broke every other sound. She stopped
and turned pale. Her face was the very
picture of rage and, trembling, she said:

"When you get through out there, I'll
finish this song and before you know it,
she was very mad, but immovable and un-
moved Berrymen laughed all the louder
and all the merrier. The orchestra groaned
through the rest of the verse, and it
came Brown's turn to sing. Brown is not
only a fine comedian, but he is irrepressi-
ble.

"You can't kill me," he shouted, "Here
goes!" and he sang his verse. At least it
is supposed that he sang it. Mr. Berrymen
was laughing all the while, and the audi-
ence was in an uproar. It was not
back set to the comedian. He sang on like
a hero.

In the meantime the manager was in a
dead heat of rage. He was dancing about
the front looking for a policeman. At last
he found one, but there was deep silence
in the region of Mr. Berrymen's seat. That
silence continued all through the presen-
tation of living pictures, but was rapidly
broken near the close of the last act by a
fresh outbreak from the laughing Ken-
tuckian.

For the information of those Atlantians
who do not know Mr. Berrymen, it may be
stated that he is from Louisville, Ky.; that
he is a splendid fellow and belongs to an
excellent family of that state. He is a
traveling man and is well and widely
known in the south. Wherever he goes he
makes a hit with his laugh. He can be
riding five squares away and is full of
gurgling glee and mirth. There is
nothing in the world so thoroughly ex-
pressive of satisfaction with the world and
honest mirth as Church Berrymen's laugh.

But Razzle Dazzle or Comedian Brown
never wish to play against it again.

Mrs. Smythe—There is one thing about
the outlook I don't like. Mrs. Jenkins—
What is it? Mrs. Smythe—The United
States senate may be shelved before we
become eligible to membership—Brooklyn
Life.

Landman—When two boats are in dan-
ger of collision which one steers off and
gets out of the way?
Yatchman—The one that's last painted—
Good News.

Hicks—Do you believe in ghosts?
Wicks—Don't know, my I shouldn't; never
knew one so tell a lie—Boston Tran-
script.

A Ruddy Glow

on cheek
and brow
is evidence
that the
body is
getting proper nourishment.
When this glow of health is
absent assimilation is wrong,
and health is letting down.

Scott's Emulsion

taken immediately arrests
waste, regardless of the
cause. Consumption must
yield to treatment that stops
waste and builds flesh anew.
Almost as palatable as milk.

Prepared by Scott's Emulsion Co., All drug stores.

THE PLACE, 77 WHITEHALL ST.

CUTTING AND SLASG OF PRICES

THE PLACE, 77 WHITEHALL ST.

CONTINUES AT THE LADIES' BAZAAR'S OLD STAND, 77 WHITEHALL STREET.

All Winter Goods now unpacked and ready for your inspection. Woolen Underwear, Hosiery, Dress Goods and Blankets enough to supply the entire City. Readcarefully the FIGURES below, observe the FACTS and you cannot help but come to 77 Whitehall Street to supply your wants.

Prices Compared With Other Stores.

	Bazaar Store	Other Stores'
	Prices.	Prices.
Belling Embroidery Silks, all shades.	25c doz.	40c doz.
Belling's Spool Silks, all shades.	6c	10c
Belling's Knitting Silks.	23c	35c
Belling's Embroidery Twist.	7c doz.	12c doz.
Libert's Best Selicias and Peralines.	15c	25c
Libert's Crescent Selicias and Peralines.	10c	15c
Best Kid Cambrics.	3 1/2c	5c
Best Linen Canvas.	15c	25c
Velveteen Bindings, all colors.	8 & 10c	10 & 15c
Best 9-inch Bunch Bones.	8c	13c
Trefusse Kid Gloves.	1.25	2.00
Perrin's Kid Gloves.	95c	1.75
Peachtree Kid Gloves.	75c	1.25
No. 530 P. D. Corsets.	1.25	1.75
No. 329 P. D. Corsets.	1.75	2.50
No. 97 P. D. Corsets.	2.50	3.25
No. 29 P. D. Corsets.	2.50	3.25
No. 104 P. D. Corsets.	2.50	3.50
No. 574 P. D. Corsets.	3.50	5.50
Cosmo and Venus C. P. Corsets.	2.50	3.50

Other Corsets Reduced in Same Proportions.

Onyx Fast Black Hose.	23c	35c
Onyx Fast Black Hose.	35c	50c
Fruit of the Loom Muslin.	7c	9c
Lonsdale Cambrics.	9c	12 1/2c
10-4 Pepperell Sheetings.	18c	23c
46-inch Pepperell Pillow Casings.	10c	15c

Dress Goods—All New Styles.

42 pieces Wool Goods, pretty patterns, worth 75c for 25c.
20 pieces 40-inch all wool Suitings, worth 89c, for 39c.
18 pieces Novelty Imported Goods, worth \$1.00, for 49c.
5 pieces 54-inch Covert Cloths, worth \$1.25, for 69c.
A grand line of Imported Suitings, worth \$2.00, for 83c.
All \$10.00, \$15.00 and \$20.00 Novelty Suits go fast at \$5.00.
All \$25.00, \$30.00 and \$35.00 Novelty Suits on sale at \$7.50.
One lot Eiderdowns, worth from 65c to \$1.00, for 39c.

Special--

82 Suits with Linings, Findings and Trimmings, for \$3.69.

REMEMBER if we can't save you 40 per cent or more of your money we don't want your patronage.
DON'T FORGET the number, 77 Whitehall St., the Ladies' Bazaar's Old Stand.

Blankets and Comforts.

310 full size 10-4 Blankets at 25c.
140 pairs California wool Blankets, worth \$6.50, for \$2.98.
184 pairs best California wool Blankets, worth \$10.00, for \$3.52.
12 full-size best Comforts, worth \$3.25, for \$1.98.
\$15.00 Eiderdown Comforts go at \$7.89.

Hosiery.

100 doz. Fast Black Hose at 5c.
50 doz. Fast Black Hose at 7c.
39c Fast Black Hose at 18c.
50c Fast Black Hose at 25c.
25 and 35c Cashmere Hose at 15c.
50c Cashmere Hose at 25c.
75c Cashmere Hose at 39c.
All Silk Hose half price.

Millinery 50c on the Dollar.

Ostrich Plumes worth 50c for 25c.
Ostrich Plumes worth 75c for 39c.
Ostrich Plumes worth \$1.00 for 50c.
Ostrich Plumes worth \$1.50 for 75c.
Ostrich Plumes worth \$2.00 for \$1.00.
Ostrich Plumes worth \$3.50 for \$1.50.
\$1.00 Millinery Ribbons for 50c.
75c Millinery Ribbons for 39c.
50c Millinery Ribbons for 25c.
25c Millinery Ribbons for 13c.
19c Millinery Ribbons for 10c.

1,000

Felt Hats, worth from \$1.50 to \$4.00, special at 25c each

Unheard of Prices in Notions.

Pins 3 and 5c. Fairy Lamps 5c. Hose Supporters 9 and 15c. Safety Pins 5c. Brass Rings 1 and 3c. dozen. Hair Pins 5c. Dorcas Cotton 5c. dozen. Linen 1c. dozen. Skein's Belts 10 and 25c. Marshall's Linen 5c. spool. Handkerchief Holders worth \$2.00 for 25c.
Soaps and Extracts half price.

Specials.

\$2.00 black Satin Dutches for 75c.
\$2.50 black Satin Dutches for 98c.
\$2.50 silk Velvets, all colors, for \$1.25.
\$1.75 Silk Velvets for 95c.
\$1.00 Silk Velvets for 59c.
\$1.00 Silk Crepe de Chines for 42c.

Specials.

All Jet Jackets, Jet Girdles, Passementeries, Jet Trimmings, Fur Trimmings and Jet Points at 40c on the dollar

Linens.

75c Table Damask for 39c.
\$1.00 Table Damask for 49c.
\$1.50 Table Damask for 98c.
1,150 Towels at 3 1/2 and 5c each.

Flannels.

75c Fancy Flannels for 42c.
69c White Flannels for 39c.
75c White Flannels for 49c.
\$1.25 White Flannels for 75c.

If you will follow the crowds to the The Ladies' Bazaar's old stand, 77 Whitehall Street, we will make you money—yes, big money, as this stock must be closed out. Prices will do it. Come Monday and every day next week. An extra large force of sales people will be on hand to serve the people.

E. M. BASS & CO. E. M. BASS & CO.

SOCIETY GOSSIP.

Continued from the Fifth Column Sixth Page.

residence of the bride's mother. Dr. Hall, of Newnan Baptist church, spoke the words that made them one. The bride was queenly in white satin, duchess lace and diamonds. Golden rods and roses adorned the home, and friends and kindred brought good wishes and beautiful gifts.

Mrs. Hugh Hagan, chairman of the ways and means committee, called a meeting of the ladies interested in the women's department of the exposition at her home on Tuesday morning. The meeting was called to make arrangements for a bazaar, to be given under the auspices of the young ladies during the first week of December. Those present were Mrs. Joseph Thompson, Mrs. William Dickson, Mrs. Sam Broughton, Mrs. Albert Thumston and Mrs. E. P. Black. Mrs. Hagan presided at the meeting. The arrangements made were not sufficiently definite for publication. The ladies hope that this bazaar will be well patronized by the Atlanta people.

A happy marriage will take place in Griffin on next Wednesday, in which Atlanta will have a lively interest. On that day Mr. Floyd Johnson, connected with the tobacco firm of H. P. Scales & Co., will wed Miss Annie Barnes, one of Griffin's sweetest young ladies. Mr. E. C. Brown, of this city, will officiate as best man.

Mr. Johnson is a young man of admirable character and sterling business qualities. Mrs. Barnes is universally admired, and will be welcomed into Atlanta's choicest circles.

The reception given last Friday evening at the Second Baptist church by the Young People's Association, was one of the most delightful occasions of the kind ever given in the city. A very large audience of Atlanta's cultured and music-loving people were present, the church being crowded.

The musical programme was unusually fine. Mr. R. S. Trotter's solo, "Happy Days," was one of the gems of the evening. His voice, deep, clear, strong and musical, and his perfect enunciation, gave him claim to laurels as a baritone. The mandolin selection from "Il Trovatore," by Mr. F. H. Lansdel, was exceedingly beautiful and much enjoyed.

Miss Mamie Ackerman sang "The Lost Chord," by Sullivan. Miss Ackerman is a newcomer to Atlanta, but her singing is the best number on the entire programme. Miss Jones has a delightful soprano voice, remarkably round and true. It is of a very sympathetic quality and goes straight to the hearts of the audience.

Mr. Julian Christian, with his rich baritone voice, sang by special request, "Home-ward Bound," and made, as usual, a very favorable impression upon his hearers.

Miss Robbie Giffin leaves for her home in New Orleans after several weeks' visit to friends in Atlanta.

The many friends of Mrs. Bishop Nelson will be extremely sorry to learn that she has been quite ill this summer.

Mrs. W. B. Peck left yesterday for New York, where she will spend several weeks.

Miss Fannie Clayton has returned to Atlanta from a visit to relatives in north Georgia and Alabama. She will spend several days with her brother, Mr. George A.

Clayton, before returning to her home in Orlando, Fla.

Miss Jessie Spillock, one of Rome's most popular young ladies, is visiting Mrs. Saul, of this city. She leaves tonight for Tampa, Fla., where she will spend the winter.

The engagement of Miss Sadie Wyley, of Montgomery, Ala., and Mr. McMilling, of the same city, has been announced. The wedding will occur some time this fall.

Mrs. A. J. Burr, from Griffin, is spending several days with Miss Annie Spear, at her home, on Peachtree street.

Mrs. General Evans and her daughter, Miss Willie Burr Howard, leave for New York Thursday, where they will spend several weeks.

Mrs. A. M. Bain, with her two lovely children, accompanied by her sister, Miss Davies, of Washington, D. C., are visiting friends in Atlanta.

Mrs. C. C. Rice, of Chicago, is visiting Mrs. Ford, on Church street. She is a charming woman, and has won many friends in the city.

Mr. Charles A. Niles, a prominent member of the New York bar, is in the city visiting his aunt, Mrs. Semmes Williams.

Captain J. H. Fitzpatrick, of Lancaster, S. C., is on a visit to relatives in this city.

Little Tilden Conner, abstract clerk of the Central railroad, is visiting relatives at Greenville, S. C.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Mimms have returned to Atlanta after a pleasant visit to friends at Red Oak, Ga.

Miss Alma Dickerson has just returned from a week's sojourn at East Point, Ga.

Miss Lucy Harris left Friday for a stay of several months in Stollville.

Miss Alma Lane, daughter of ex-Mayor Lane, of Birmingham, is visiting Miss Maggie Gunther, 262 Forest avenue.

Miss Rhoda Brewer, of Livingston, Sumter county, Alabama, is visiting her sister, Mrs. John F. Bates, at 299 West Kimball street.

Miss Mamie Wilson, a popular young lady of West Atlanta, is visiting friends at Thomson, Ga.

Mrs. Marie Brinsfield, who has been from home for a month, in charge of the musical department of the very excellent school at Flordia, Ga., returned home last night.

Miss Lizzie Hamilton has returned to the city, after a pleasant visit to Elberton and Middleton, Ga.

Mrs. William Butler Johnston, after part of the summer most delightfully spent at Newport, is visiting her father, Mr. Lumpkin, at 57 Spring street.

Miss Irene McAfee, of Canton, is in the city.

Mrs. M. E. Wright is expected home from Forsyth on Monday.

The musical, under the direction of Miss Cilo Prather, given in the parlors of Mrs. Prather's home school Friday evening was full of interest to the many lovers of music present.

Cards have been received in the city announcing the approaching marriage of Rev. Henry Bean Mays and Miss Florence Mae Bramblett, which occurs in Forsyth, Ga., October 15th. Henry Mays is an old Atlanta boy, and though young, is already an able minister of the gospel. Miss Bramblett is a charming and accomplished young lady.

People who give Hove's Balsaparilla a fair trial realize its great merit and are glad to say a good word for it.

GO TO 65 PEACHTREE STREET.

FOOD FOR INVALIDS.

Delicate and Nourishing Dishes That Are Stimulating to Feeble Appetites.

It is not uncommon for children and old people to be troubled in the early autumn months with what is known as "summer complaint," which is not always the result of warm weather, but may easily arise from too free a use of uncooked apples, or other autumn fruits. After the doctor has done his work much depends upon the nursing and food the patient receives. Absolute repose of the body, gentle amusement—so that the mind is directed from the trouble—and suitable nourishment, is what is needed. Generally such a disease produces a parching thirst, but water in very injurious. A single sip of cold ice water may be administered to satisfy the fretful demand, but no more should be allowed. If the thirst is excessive either rice or toast-water should be given. To make

rice water, put two tablespoonfuls of clean, washed rice in a quart of boiling water, and let it simmer for two hours until the rice is broken and thoroughly dissolved. Strain the whole through a fine wire strainer or a bit of muslin, and flavor with a good pinch of salt. It can be drunk either hot or cold, and if stimulants are prescribed two tablespoonfuls of sherry added to this make a very palatable drink.

Toast Water, which is a favorite drink in England with both sick and well, is made by toasting three or four slices of bread very brown and dry and breaking them in small pieces into a pint of cold water. After soaking an hour, pour through a napkin, squeezing the toast until all the liquid passes through. If this is not found palatable by the doctor, a squeeze of lemon juice improves it greatly in taste.

A good food recommended for those recovering from a cold is—

Goose Apple Jelly.

Put a half box of gelatin, a cup of sherry, two cloves and an inch of cinnamon into a double boiler, with a few table spoonfuls of cold water. Let it stand for half an hour, then add a cup of boiling water, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, one of powdered gum arabic and two of lemon juice. Stir thoroughly over the fire until the whole is dissolved; then strain quickly through a napkin, squeezing the jelly until all the liquid passes through. If this is not found palatable by the doctor, a squeeze of lemon juice improves it greatly in taste.

For those weak from menses and vomiting the best and most soothing foods are broths of clams or oysters. Nothing, apparently, aids more rapidly in recuperation after a violent strain than the juices of shell fish, and these, from the long starvation of violent seasickness, and a magical quality in such broths, which must, however, be served as hot as the patient can take them, as the heat of the soup is one of its most active restorative qualities and serves to revive the vital warmth lowered by the emetics and spasms of the stomach.

Oyster Broth.

Chop eight large fresh oysters to a fine mince and cover them in a small saucepan with a cup of cold water. Let it come slowly to the boiling point and then keep it gently simmering for no more than five minutes, strain into a cup and serve very hot with a squeeze of lemon juice.

Clam Broth.

Clam broth is made through apparently clams are unaware of the fact, by simply laying half a dozen large clams in their shells (these shells must have been previously well washed) in a saucepan with a cup of cold water, and a pinch of salt; when the clams open the broth is done. Pour it off, but taste to see if salt is not, if not, add a pinch of salt, and enough as a rule to give it all the flavor needed.

Beef Juice.

Beef and far more nutritious than the commonly used beef tea is beef juice, which is made by cutting into small pieces about

the size of the tip of one's finger a pound of fresh beef, from which all fat and gristle have been removed. Put the beef in a glass jar—a quart preserve jar will serve—cover and set the jar in a deep saucepan half full of cold water. Let the water heat gradually far an hour, but never let it reach the boiling point. At the end of the hour the beef will have given out a quantity of clear red juice. Pour the whole into a bit of cheese cloth, and by squeezing the beef a cupful of clear lean beef and water will be obtained. Add a little salt and serve hot. A pound of beef will make about a beautiful and food the patient receives. It is recommended by the physician, the best way to cut six or eight pounds of beef into a granite-lined sauce pan, setting this into a larger one holding water. If the water is too warm, and set upon ice, it will keep for twenty-four hours. If this is too strong for the patient, a little hot water may be added to dilute each cupful as it is given, or else in making the juice a cupful of cold water for every pound of meat may be added before setting upon the fire. But the best form of beef tea for very young children, or those depleted by long illness as to be capable of only the slightest efforts at digestion, is made with the hydrochloric acid, stir in the chopped beef, and after this has sat two hours in the refrigerator and on the morning of the next day, add a few drops of hydrochloric acid in four or five ounces of water and keep the bottle tightly corked. Then strain the juice through a fine wire strainer or a bit of muslin, and serve it to a fine mince.

Four into a bowl two of cold water, and let it stand for two hours. If the patient is not fond of soup, add a few drops of the hydrochloric acid, stir in the chopped beef, and after this has sat two hours in the refrigerator and on the morning of the next day, add a few drops of hydrochloric acid in four or five ounces of water and keep the bottle tightly corked. Then strain the juice through a fine wire strainer or a bit of muslin, and serve it to a fine mince.

When a patient gets to the point of recovery where beef tea and gruel are in order, and begins to need something more appealing food to build up the depleted system, there are taken that they are prepared in the right way.

If the invalid is not fond of soup and after a long diet of broths and teas she or he is apt to long for something more solid, a

Chicken Panada is excellent. This is also quickly and simply made, and is about as thick as a stiff gruel. To the cup of fine-minced chicken meat, a cup full of cream-of-tartar bread crumbs is added, and a pint of the broth. This should be boiled for one minute. To make a potato requires expert knowledge, just as it does to boil an egg, though few people recognize the fact. Select one of good smooth shape and not too large. Wash it very clean with running water from the faucet. Put into a very hot oven and bake five minutes. The difference between a potato baked quickly in a hot oven and one done slowly in a slow oven is no great that they seem hardly to be the same vegetables. Another nice form of cooking potatoes for invalids is known as

Duchess Potatoes.

Boil enough potatoes to fill a large coffee cup when mashed. As soon as they are done and all the moisture dried out of them, wash quickly, salt, add a little white pepper and stir in a dessertspoonful of butter. Lay an egg and stir into the potatoes, and lastly a half-cup of cream. Shape into croquettes, dip into white of an egg and bake in a quick oven to a delicate brown.

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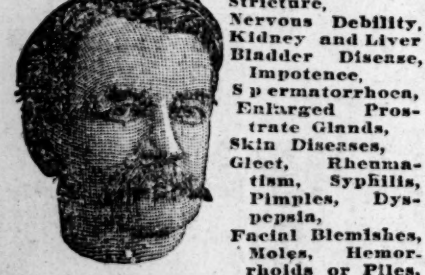
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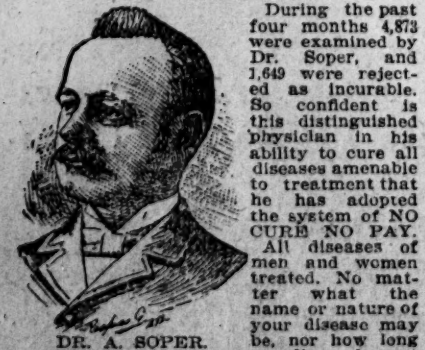
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SARGE PLUNKETT.

A Chapter to the Children on the Healthfulness of Labor.

HONEST WORK MAKES HONEST CITIZENS

An Industrious People Is the Nation's Hope—Teach the Children in This Way.

For the Constitution. The cool October mornings are bracing to old folks; they make me feel good and I catch myself looking over the fields and listening for such sounds as—

Had a dog his name was Zion,
Here Rattler, here, here!
Run a track as cold as iron,
Here Rattler, here, here!

The young generation can't see anything in such as this, but if they will ask the old fathers and grandfathers they will more than apt see the old men's feet begin to pat time as their memories fly back to past days and better times than will ever be known by the young of today.

This is the season for the gathering in of the fruits of the farmer's industry, and all of us should be inspired with happy thoughts, but to old men there is nothing in the gathering in of crops in this day to give us the good feeling that such occasions gave in the days before the war. The negroes don't sing as they used to sing, the dogs don't bark as they used to bark and hearts are not so light and free as they used to be. The old-time negro, I think, can understand better than any of us that the price of liberty is heavy responsibilities and anxious cares that chill the heart and crowd the music from the soul. When the old-time negro sang—

"Oh, Emma, dear, dear Emma,
From the Mississippi vale,
In all this wide world over,
There's none like Emma Dale,"

there was a pathos and a volume that we will never have again—negroes who sang as the old-timers sang were never fit for treason, never thought of stratagem. Me and Broder must be excused for dwelling upon old-time things when the leaves are turning yellow and the crops are gathering in. This is a striking reminder to the old of the sweet things past and the sad things present. Corn used to be gathered in a spirit of frolic and the cotton fields were interspersed with a plenty of pleasant things to keep the back from aching and direct the mind from thoughts of labor. To see an old-time negro run up on a watermelon preserved in the grass by some stump, see him burst it open on his knee and scoop it out with his hand and watch the broad smile on his face—this was enough to divert the mind from thoughts of labor and fill the fields with cheer. Such a scene could never happen now. If there were any melons left in the grass as there used to be the old-time negro could not be found. The negro of today would scorn to use his knee for such a purpose and would never use his hand to scoop out the meat. There is too much dignity in modern days without the hope of happy times just ahead. Corn shuckings are doubtful now and when they do come they lack much of being what they used to be. I do wish that upon these October mornings I could see the youthful start for the fields with a hop, skip and a jump, yelling with all their might as they used to yell.

"Oh, don't you hear old Rattler comin'?"
Here Rattler, here, here!
Oh, don't you hear old Rattler runnin'?"
Here, Rattler, here, here!

The most of young people will turn up their noses at such as this. They had rather sing something about John L., or Car-bett, or Fitzsimmons. Yesterday I heard a small boy singing something about Jesse James. I tried to catch it, but I doubt if I succeeded:

"Jesse, Jesse, poor old Jesse,
They have laid Jesse James in his grave,
Robert Ford caught his eye,
And shot him on the fly,
And they've laid Jesse James in his grave."

This little boy of yesterday threw just as much feeling into his song as he could and looked as if his whole heart went out to "poor Jesse." It is my opinion that it would have been much better for that boy had he been yelling—
"Here Rattler, here, here!"
The mothers of this day and time do not like the old "Rattler." They would never agree with me that their sons had better be romping over the fields with the dogs after rabbits than reading books of the Jesse James order. In my young days every boy had his coon and his possum dog. These dogs would stick their heads in the pots occasionally, if the coons got the least bit careless, but a good rap with the fire-stick across the dog's back satisfied every thing and the boys kept on hunting and yelling and romping. In old times there were generally three or four of these dogs on every farm and it was a common saying in those days that where there were dogs to bark and boys to whistle there would be found a cheerful home.

I can't help from feeling sorry for a generation who boast of a "progress" and that "progress" has none of the elements to fasten upon the heart a sweetness that will cheer old age and make the past a pleasant memory. Last week I saw in The Constitution where John Ataway was at the Kimball. I went there to see him, but he was gone, gone back to north Georgia some where, where I understand they call him "professor." He was no "professor" with me. I only remembered him as John and one of the best boys of Griffin. It had been many years since I had heard of John, but so soon as I heard the name I had a flood of happy memories filled my heart. His old dogs, "Rally" and "Ball," and his negro boy, "Sim," were remembered and loved along with their master, and his good mother, and when his good mother died was remembered, but every time my memory would return to the old days and the old people, and I would advise the attachments to dogs as much better than admiration for such books as Jesse James or any other hero of crime.

The young people of our settlement are beginning to look about for a starting of the parties which always pertain to this season. In old times these parties were common and cost nothing but a little labor. The boys can get up the wood and lightwood and the girls can cook up the custard and pies. Potatoes and plenty good enough to satisfy at these parties for a midnight lunch, and runs the old folks to no expense. The association of these parties will linger with you as long as life shall last, and it is with you whether you know it or not. I remember a man I knew a hard working old farmer in the ninth district, Pike county, who was much given to having these parties take place at his house. A sour old bachelor approached him with the remark that he could not see how people could invite the trouble involved in these parties. "Ah," said Uncle Jimmie, "it is no bother at all. I often do the toasting while I take pleasure with the young. When I see the young 'goin' round the rosemary bush,' or 'snap out,' or they begin to sing—

"It rains and it hails and it's cold, stormy weather,
Long comes the farmer drinking all the cider."

I feel young again and as supple as a three-year old. Uncle Jimmie advocated that the young people meet and sing at these innocent gatherings at the homes. He thought it better than that they should divide up, the boys to themselves off hunting pleasure, while the girls to themselves, were shut up reading some novel of questionable morality. This old farmer raised a large family on this idea, and I have watched them now to the third generation, and not a war can be found in the character of all his posterity. This old friend did not leave out

the teachings of economy and industry. He was industrious and cheerful, was one of his maxims. Work in its time and then play with all your heart, but be sure and work. An industrious family makes a cheerful home. All the scientific treatises can never improve upon this good old farmer's ideas—industry, economy, cheerfulness in the home—this will lessen the number of criminals and bless the world.

How many are there in this day and time who would fail to agree with this plain old farmer friend that industry is the corner stone of all our messings? The whole country is full of idleness. Boys and girls hold their hands from work while their eyes are strained for every passing thing to bring them good cheer—cheer without labor. Style and idleness are cursing these times. Happy treatises on idleness and idleness and criminal will always appear where dissatisfaction creeps in.

Work for the girls and work for the boys. It is work that makes the world cheerful, without any work there is not any joy. For idleness makes the world fearful. Restless at home, restless at heart. A household is doomed lest all take part.

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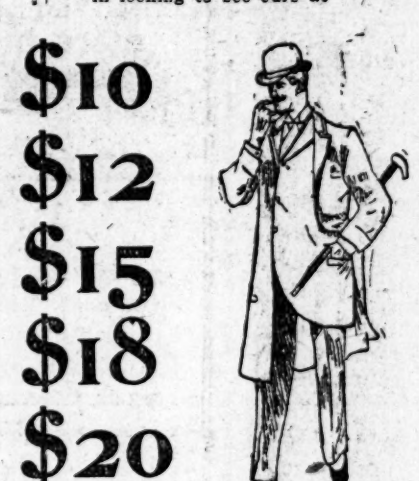
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for this Issue Must be Addressed to The
Constitution, Jr.

ATLANTA, GA., October 7, 1894.

Young Story Writers.

All of our readers will remember what interest was taken in the prize story contest that took place in The Junior several weeks ago. We have decided to throw open one of our columns each week for short stories from the boys and girls. No prize will be offered for the stories, but those who care to try their hand at story writing will have an opportunity to do so, and the best stories received will be printed. Of course this column will be exclusively for the girls and boys, and grown up people will not be expected to send stories for this particular department. No story must run over 300 words, and we prefer that they be shorter. We will not be able to publish all of the stories, but those which have merit will be published with the names of the writers attached. In this way our young readers will have an opportunity of testing their skill as short story writers and of having their stories appear in print. All stories intended for this department must be addressed to The Constitution, Jr.

The Prize Contest.

The prize contest, which was to have been closed this week, will be held open for two weeks longer. Our reason for doing this is that, while many suggestions have been made, they are all along lines of contests already held.

We want some bright, original suggestion for the watch contest—not the regulation fairy story or coupon contests, but something new and original. Surely some of the boys and girls can think of something bright and new, which has not been tried before.

Remember, the boy or girl making the best suggestion will get \$5 in gold, and the plan that wins the prize will be used in the watch contest to follow later.

Now let all The Junior's readers try their hand, and we will see who can make the brightest, newest and best suggestion for a plan for the watch contest.

JUNIOR STORIES.

Written by Some of the Young People.

The Flowers.

The setting sun was shedding his soft, mellow rays across field, plain, yard and woods alike, gilding the treetops and wrapping the flowers in his golden beams.

Where the shade mingled with the sunshine and the zephyrs stole gently by, bringing good news to those who understood their whisperings, the flowers were holding a meeting. Why they were holding a meeting was this: A zephyr which had lingered longer than any of the others had done had told them that tomorrow the children would be there to gather them and decorate their church for Children's Day.

Now, the flowers were delighted at this, for they liked to be placed high on the walls and twined about the pictures of the holy Christ and His disciples, adding to the beauty of the scene.

"I shall do my very best to make plain to little children the verse in God's holy book 'consider the lilies how they grow'."

It was the lily herself who spoke, lifting as she did so her snowy head, as pure and white as the hearts of the little ones whose hands were soon to gather them. "And I," said the honeysuckle, "I shall twine about the altar and table, teaching the children how the love of Christ should twine about their hearts."

"I am the rose of Sharon, spoken of by Solomon in God's word," said a voice, and the flowers looking in that direction saw it was the rose which spoke. "Do you think they will notice me? I will do what I can for the children's pleasure."

"Notice you, my fair sister! You will be among the first chosen, while I only hope that I may be taken, for I will remind some of the love of Christ, who died on the cross—the cruel cross which I bear also," murmured the passion flower.

"I am blue like the sky where he lives," said a voice in a distant corner, which the flowers recognized as the pansy, "and where all little children who keep His commandments will live some day."

"While they choose among my fairer sisters I shall not be forgotten," said the oleander, and up spoke the little violet, saying, as she tucked her head under her cool, green leaves to sleep: "While I am not so very fair, I would like to be taken. I'm sure I could do much toward decorating the church, and would gladly lend my fragrance."

By this time King Sol had gone to rest, leaving banks of purple, gold and red in the western sky. Then night fell fast and the moon arose, shedding her silvery light over the flowers who drooped their heads and went to sleep awaiting the morrow.

With the first appearance of the breaking dawn they awoke and shook off the sparkling dew, which had fallen upon them during the night, and by sunrise the children came. One pretty little girl had already found the lilies, and breaking their long stems bore back her trophies in triumph to the rest, while a small boy was filling his arms with the graceful honeysuckle.

In the meanwhile different children had found the other flowers and with their arms laden with masses of beauty and perfume were returning toward the church. How

merrily they laughed and sang as their busy hands formed many beautiful decorations. How nimbly their little fingers sorted out the pansies from the violets and again formed both into a wreath, and how proud the flowers were at being placed so close together that they could whisper to each other how glad they were that none were forgotten. A large bunch of roses were placed on the organ, and the pulpit was a combination of violets, pansies, oleanders and lilies. After awhile the flowers were all used to the children's fancy and were left alone in God's house for the coming morning, and as the crowd grew larger and larger as the morning hours were whittled away the flowers nodded their heads and listened as the children sang:

"Let the little ones come unto me."
MARY LUCILE PRICE.
Enterprise, Miss.

THE RIDING SUPES.

Boys Who Pick Up Pennies About the Stage Entrance.

Whenever a great show employing horses is going on in New York a regiment of boys, some in rags and tatters, others respectably dressed, hang eagerly about the stage entrance.

The first time I noticed this I thought it was the usual crowd of penniless lads waiting, some shy or stolen peep at the show, but they displayed little effort to further any such plans. They gathered at the side entrance of the theater and were tolerated by the police and doorkeeper, generally very quarrelsome persons.

"These boys?" said the doorkeeper. "Why, they ride the horses from the stable to every performance and are now waiting for their charges to come out of the theater."

"This is a regular profession among these little scamps," he went on, "who are known as the 'horse riders' everywhere. They are given two pennies to ride the horse from the stable to the theater and a couple of cents for the ride back. Most of them sell newspapers during the day and spend their evenings this way. The pleasure of prancing the horse all the evening is delight enough for them. I think they would still beg for places, even if the pay should stop."

In New York, where shows run for months, the contract to ride the horses is not one to be despised, as with eight performances a week, including matinees, their revenue is 32 cents a week—almost extra work. Their great possibilities are when Barnum's big circus comes to the Madison Square garden, for then 100 of the trade find employment.

These little horse riders are reveling just now in "Shenandoah," a great war play at the Academy of Music. It is an affair that delights their souls, being full of cavalrymen and cannon and war cries. Every night at 8 o'clock the riders call at the stables up town and canter in full parade down Madison avenue as proudly as the Seventh regiment. When they arrive at the theater they remain on the horses' backs until the intermission just before the big act, when thirty or forty horses are used in the scene where Sheridan's army retreats and then rallies as Sheridan and his cavalry come across the stage at full tilt to save the day.

During this intermission the boys ride into the back of the stage and put the horses into the stalls.

These boys all know "Shenandoah," and have named the horses they ride after generals.

Each boy picks out his own horse and sticks to his favorite through the play. They have, as I said, named them after the generals, and one can hear them as they ride by exclaiming, "Sheridan, what's the matter with your maine, old chap?" or "Longstreet, if you can't keep up with General Lee or Stonewall Jackson I'll give you a dose of lightning liniment when you get back to the stable," etc. They never think of calling them by other than their war names, and the horses know their little ragged riders as well as they do the blue-coated cavalrymen who dash across the stage on their backs while the band plays "John Brown's Body" and the audience yell and hurrah and wave handkerchiefs.

And some day—who knows?—some of these boys may turn out great actors, as two French tragedians have done, who once sold papers in the foyers. H. HALLMARK.

A Fast Runner.

In a recent article on sprinting Mr. Walter C. Dohm tells the following story to show how fast a man can really cover ground:

"I have in mind," he writes, "the case of a certain well-known athlete who once surprised a number of people by showing them how great a man's speed really is. The young man in question was passing from one car to another of a train in motion, when a gust of wind blew off his new hat. Without thinking of the risk he incurred, he grasped the rail of the platform, swung to the ground with the dexterity of an old train hand, dashed back a half-dozen steps to where the hat lay, and almost before the astonished passengers could get their heads stretched out of the windows was in pursuit of the rear end of the train, which had just passed. Very wonderful it seemed to the spectators of the strange race between muscle and steam when the sprinter, after a hard race, grasped the rear rail and swung himself, panting but triumphant, to the platform. No one knew he was a champion runner. They thought only of the fact that the train was rolling along at the rate of eighteen or twenty miles per hour, and wondered how he did it. And one particularly stout old gentleman declared, 'I never saw anything like it before in all my life.'"

Better Than Nothing.

It is well to have more than one string to your bow. So thinks Tommy Emithers, as reported by The Indianapolis Journal. He was being catechised for his good by a well-meaning visitor.

"Well, Tommy," she said, "do you think you will ever be president of the United States?"

"I dunno," answered Tommy. "Mebbe I'll try for it after I get too old to be a ditcher."

ROMANTIC BOYHOODS.

A Wonderful Baby King.

To be a king at five years of age and hold a court of superlative magnificence is the lot that fell to only one monarch that ever lived. He was called the dauphin until at his majority, attained when he was fourteen years of age, Louis XIV became king of France.

The little Louis never knew what fun was from a boy standpoint; his babyhood was made up of formality, elegance and rich clothes.

He set the pace to his little French subjects in politeness; inheriting the most stately courtesy from his beautiful Spanish mother, he added to it a polish and glitter that has made his name famous as a master of etiquette.

No gay rides or swims, or meeting the common people, as his English cousin, Prince Charley did. Prime ministers, cardinals, dukes and princes talked to him and surrounded him jealously. But he probably would have had elaborate, showy manners, anyway, his disposition being formal and exacting of the courtesy due him.

When he had been christened on his fifth year, with great state, in the chapel of the palace, his mother carried him into the room where his father, Louis XIII was dying. "Well, what is your name?" his father, the king, asked.

"Louis XIV," the little fellow promptly replied.

"Oh, not yet, not yet, my son." But he was king in a few days, for his father's crown descended on him, and the stately little tot was the ruler of a great nation.

His first act of state was to receive the oaths of allegiance from his people. This he did, sitting in regal state on the throne, with a royal violet robe on and superb crown jewels. Sitting in front of him on



Louis XIV.

the steps was another little boy, the Count de Guiche. Both the little chaps behaved like grown up men.

The infant circle that little Louis gathered about him was famous as the most brilliant court of children ever assembled. He lived in the Palais Royal, which cost something over \$1,000,000 to build, and occupied the apartments that had served the great Cardinal Richelieu. The most magnificent furniture and tapestry was placed there for his use, and he held his household in splendor there. A cardinal supervised his education; he had also his governor, his preceptor and his valet de chambre. The Marchioness de Senecey and other women of high position told him fairy tales to put him to sleep, and looked after all the frills and ornaments and velvets he wore. He developed early an abnormal fondness for two things, history and military exercises. This was a signal for his after life, for he was noted for knowledge of kingly and political affairs and for controlling some of the greatest generals, who conquered for him vast territories.

This love for military maneuvers persuaded him to gather in his palace a young regiment of boys. These were children of the nobles, who were about his father's court. Louis, himself, would general them, shouldering the musket, brandishing the sword and beating the drum. Then he seemed to be entirely pleased. But there was never any intimacy between the little king and his "children of honor," as they were called. He addressed them with punctilious politeness; their answers were necessarily the same.

Lessons in kingly etiquette were forced upon his mind by his older court; for instance, one day he loaned a crossbow to a little friend. When he started to take it back the Marchioness de Senecey reminded him with:

"Sire, kings give what they lend." The kingly little fellow, with a low bow, said: "Monsieur de Leminie, I wish the gift were of more importance." Think of this from a boy of five!

All this extravagant elegance did not tend to weaken the character of the young king, as Cardinal Mazarin, who wanted to rule the nation through a weak king, hoped it would. The cardinal even had his historical readings stopped, for their influence was too dangerous for his game. He would not let him be taught anything of service, and when he was seven years old, though he was muscular and tall, he knew nothing of mental instruction. This deficiency he tried in after life to make up; but he always realized bitterly how material a loss this lack of study was to him.

If he couldn't spell at seven though, he could dance. This accomplishment he remained famed for throughout his life. At this early age he led the queen of Poland through the figures of a dance with such courtly grace and perfect ease that it called out the admiration of men who had served their years at the courts of the world.

Etiquette was all through boyhood to him a factor of great importance. Every person was assigned a seat in his room, and any omission in taking it was a serious affair. The cardinal, who was very shrewd, soon had his eyes open to the fact that

young Louis was not a fool or coward. He admitted to a noble that "His majesty has the making of four kings and an honest man in him."

Political troubles between the parliament and the court were rapidly developing. The little king and his court had to be awakened at 4 o'clock one morning and hurried out a prisoner to escape from the mob. This war of talk—for no blood was shed—was called the "fronde," that being the French name for a sling, and a witty Frenchman said that these people were like children "fronding in the ditches."

But the fronde succeeded in getting Cardinal Mazarin banished. Then Louis, at fourteen years of age, was declared absolute monarch of France. All the grandeur attendant upon a coronation was present; people thronged the streets and frightened his steed, but Louis's athletic nerve stood him in good stead. His first announcement showed that he was no weakling, and from that day, young as he was, he took active charge of affairs. He studied the affairs of other governments closely, he took pains to familiarize himself with all details of policy and then and there commenced to reign over the greatest empire France has ever known and inaugurated the longest reign of any king in the world—seventy-seven years!

And still, unlike his Cousin Charley, who was called the "merry monarch," he was always known as the "grand monarque."

CLAIRE CLAXTON.

Bicycles Run by Hand.

The principal criticism of bicycle riding is that it exercises only the legs and does not produce the desired development of the arms and chest. Further, that its effect on the back and chest is positively harmful—a proposition which those who have noticed the attitude of habitual "scorchers" will not be disposed to deny.

The humpback attitude is conceded by all to be ungraceful and pernicious in its effect, but the added speed acquired by assuming this position affords sufficient reason in the eyes of many young men for disregarding all other considerations. A Frenchman, however, has just added an attachment to the wheel which promises to remove this temptation, as it provides for utilizing both arms and legs as a means of propulsion. The arrangement is simple, and, therefore, promising. It is called the "Quadrinotiv O'Keenan." To an ordinary bicycle a second chain is attached. This chain unites two pinions; one is on the axis of the propelling wheel, the other is placed on a support fastened to the handle bar. Two handles, easily brought into play, work the contrivance.

Liquids in Equilibrium.

Here is an interesting feat of color-blending which can be performed at the dinner table, where usually all the ingredients can be found. A tall, narrow stem glass is the best. Four funnels are made of cardboard after the pattern shown in the sketch, the ends being turned over so as to form a spout-like arrangement.

The first liquid which is poured into the glass is cold black coffee, well-sweetened. After this the funnels are used. A like quantity of water comes next, which is poured through a funnel, the bended edge of which is held close to the edge of the glass. For third charet is used, olive oil for the fourth and alcohol last. All the liquids are poured in as described through the separate funnels. Each of these liquids floats on top of the other, for each is specifically lighter in weight than the preceding one. The liquids will remain in repose as long as the glass is not moved. The secret lies in the careful pouring in of the liquids through the paper funnels.

Made It Unanimous.

A gentleman had been up in a balloon and had taken his little girl with him.

"How did you feel," asked a friend.

"Why," said he, "when we were up but a short distance my little girl looked over the edge of the basket car and cried: 'Mamma! and I felt that way, too.'"

Wanted.

The following little poem is a clever piece of work and shows the humor that may be extracted from figures of speech:

A hat for the head of a fountain,
A glove for the hand of fate,
A shoe for the foot of a mountain,
A link from the chain of debate.

A spoke from the wheel of fortune,
A chip from the "pole" of the south,
A drink from the fountain of knowledge,
A word from the river's mouth.

A drink from the cup of sorrow,
A look from the face of the storm,
A stroll from the arm of justice,
A ring for the finger of scorn.

A knock at the door of repentance,
A throb from the ocean's heart,
A glance from the eye of a needle,
From Cupid's bow a dart.

THE FLY.

Baby Bye.
Here's a fly:
Let us watch him, you and I.
How he crawls
Up the walls
Yet he never falls!
I believe with six such legs
You and I could walk on eggs.
There he goes
On his toes,
Tickling Baby's nose.

Spots of red
Dot his head;
Rainbows on his back are spread;
That small speck
In his neck;
See him nod and beck.
I can show you, if you choose,
Where to look to find his shoes—
Three small pairs,
Made of hairs;
Those he always wears.

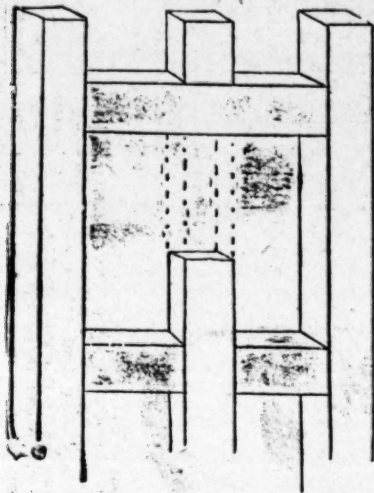
Black and brown
Is his gown;
He can wear it upside down;
It is laced
Round his waist;
I admire his taste.
Yet though tight his clothes are made,
He will lose them, I'm afraid,
If tonight
He gets sight
Of the candle light.
—Theodore Tilton.

ARTFUL JUGGLING.

Aasy Slight of Hand That Any Clever Boy May Accomplish.

The boy who is able to perform a few tricks in legerdemain has the means of furnishing an exceedingly interesting entertainment, while the time devoted to learning them might easily be spent in some less profitable manner. Among the various implements for sleight of hand tricks none have been so common as cards. The first two rudiments to be learned in handling them are "palming" and "making the pass." The first consists in concealing a card in the palm by simply pressing together the fleshy part of the thumb and several fingers.

Making the "pass" is a technical term for shifting the top or bottom card to any place in the deck. A very celebrated one, used by all professional card men is the "Charlier" pass. The cards are taken in the left hand, held by the tips of the second and third fingers and thumb. The lower half of the pack, by a slaking of the pressure of the thumb, falls loose on the hand. The first finger lifts the outer edge



The Construction of the Post in a Cabinet.

of the lower packet until it reaches the ball of the thumb. The second and third fingers now relax their pressure, thereby allowing the outer edge of upper packet to pass the edge of the lower packet and to coalesce. This seems difficult, but it is not. Card men can make the pass sixty times a minute.

Card Trick.

There are a great many methods of identifying a chosen card. The most simple method is the following: Invite some one to draw a card. While he is examining it, press the cards together so as to make one end of them concave. Offer the pack that the card may be replaced. No matter how much the pack be shuffled you can detect the card, for it will be flat, while the remainder show a curved line at one end. A slight pressure on the opposite direction will make all straight again. Here is a very ingenious way of finding a card at the second guess: Tell any one to draw a card. Hold the pack behind your back and tell him to place his card on top. Pretend to make a great shuffling, but only turn that card with its back to the others, still keeping it on top. Hold up the cards with their faces toward the spectator and ask him if the bottom card is his. While doing so inspect his card at leisure. He, of course, denies it, and you begin shuffling again. He will probably ask to shuffle them himself—exactly what you want, since you know what the card is. Take back the cards, shuffle them until you get it at the bottom and show him the card.

To call the cards out of the pack requires palming, and, if well done, is a puzzler. Throw the cards on the table, faces down. Spread them out and tell a spectator as you name a card for him to touch one, which you take up. First name the ace of diamonds. This card you have previously concealed in your left hand. He touches a card which you take up without showing the face of it. This may be the four of hearts. Put it into your left hand on the ace of diamonds, covering the latter. Now call for the four of hearts. He touches another card, maybe the two of clubs, which you call for as before. Continue until six cards are drawn. Then substitute the last drawn card, which is a wrong one of course, for the ace of diamonds, or conceal it in the palm of your hand. Strew them on the table and while they are looking at them make way with the one in your left hand. A good plan is to tell them to write down the names of the cards as you call them out so there may be no mistake.

Palming Coins.

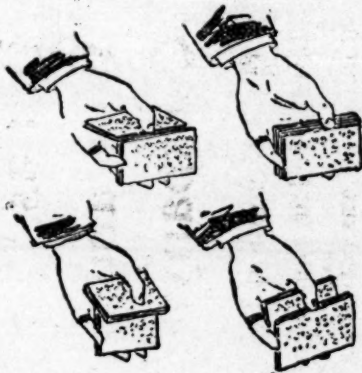
Many clever tricks can be done with coins. Palming here is even more necessary than with cards. A very common way of palming a coin is by the "jerk back." Place the coin between the second finger and thumb of the right hand, and holding open the left hand four or five inches below it, throw the coin with some force into the palm of the left hand. It should fall flat with an audible smack. At the same moment the left hand makes a quick upward movement to the extent of an inch, thereby jerking the coin back into the palm of the right hand, which closes just enough to retain it.

Robert Houdin, the prince of magicians, gives the following method of making two coins pass from one hat to another. The coins are first shown in the right hand and then apparently transferred to the left, but really palmed in the right. The performer takes up with the same hand one of the hats and shows that it is empty, in so doing laying the coins flat against the lining. While holding this first hat he makes believe to drop the coins from the left hand into the second hat, in reality dropping them from the right hand into the first hat. The spectators hear the sounds and see the left hand, in which they supposed the coins to be, brought up empty. The keenest ear cannot be certain from

which of the two hats the sound comes. After this you mutter some mystic words and the coins "pass."

To Turn Ink Into Water.

Take a vase with black silk lining, pour it full of water. With a ladle which has a hollow handle and an outlet into the bowl dip out from the vase. The handle of the ladle holds about a spoonful of ink. When the ladle is thrust into the vase the ink runs out and colors the ladle of water. You offer this for inspection. Then, throwing a handkerchief over the vase, pretend to be invoking the powers, but in reality grasping the black silk lining, which you pull out with the handkerchief and display to the astonished spectators a vase of pure water. This is really a very excellent trick and is much used by the experts. Another illusion which causes much laughter is that of borrowing a high hat from some one and apparently thrusting your finger through it. For this purpose make a wax finger on a cork body colored like life. Insert a sharp needle in the hinder end of it. Palm the whole thing in your left hand. While pretending to discover some hole from the inside thrust the needle through from the outside. Then turn the top of the hat toward the audience and show the finger, wagging it about by means of the needle on the inside. To remove it reverse the process, carrying off the finger with the left hand. At the same moment pull the right arm away with a jerk, as though the finger were rather tight in the hole. The feat of catching a cannon ball might also be included under this head, as it is really a sleight of hand. The trick lies in the loading. The performer places a ball in the mouth of the cannon, but instead of leaving it there he allows it to roll out again through the ramrod, which is hollow. He then conceals it about his clothes, and when the cannon is shot off with great combustion of powder he appears with the ball in his hand or lying at his feet. A trick which, for a long time has been the object of much curiosity is the "cabinet trick." A cabinet is brought on the stage, having three solid sides and a front door. An assistant is put inside and his hands are tied with a seal to an upright post. Soon as the door is closed hands are seen waving and the assistant's coat comes flying out. Immediately the door is opened and everything is found in statu quo. The illustration ex-



Making a Pass.

plains this very clearly. The cabinet is solid in every particular except the middle post, which drops with a spring when the door closes. This frees the assistant's arms and he rapidly performs the various feats, replaces his arms and signals that he is ready.

A Dog's Affection.

We often read very pretty stories concerning the intelligence and affection displayed by dumb brutes. As to the following I am ready any day to make affidavit to it:

For about one year I have owned an extremely intelligent and valuable setter, now about three years old. "Kate" and I have been boon companions upon many a rough jaunt, as for the benefit of much-needed outdoor exercise, after twelve years' confinement at office work, I hunted a good deal last winter. Kate and I were fellow voyagers from the mountains to the solitudes of the great Okefenokee swamp.

On the 23rd day of last May I left for Europe, and as the hunting season was two months over, Kate had become lazy and enormously fat, though she still kept up her nightly barking. She is one of the worst dogs to bark at night I ever knew, and she was still always ready to run down and catch a chicken when the family wanted one. But very soon after I left home she began to grow thin and listless. She got so she would not catch a chicken. She lost flesh and fell away to a shadow of her former self and by the time of my return, early in September, she had stopped coming to the house altogether, but had gone to the barn and hidden herself away back underneath the floor in the darkness, never barked and had refused to eat for several days. She could not be coaxed out from under the barn.

When I came home and heard of the poor dog's sad plight I supposed she had either been poisoned by beaten glass by certain negroes, whose prowlings had been interfered with by the dog, or that she had happened to a mishap which kills more dogs, perhaps, than any other one thing—swallowed too large a bone. Hitherto none about the place had been able to entice her from underneath the barn floor, but when I came and called her she recognized the sound of my voice and crawled painfully out and licked my hand.

I was shocked at the wasted appearance of my poor dog and supposed she could not live a week. But instead of dying, she rapidly regained her appetite, came back to her place at the house, resumed her barking at night, catches the chickens with all of her former avidity, and now, in less than three weeks, is almost as fat as she was in the spring.

This is a true story. I was, before, thoroughly satisfied that dogs were the most intelligent of all our domestic animals, but I never had before seen a case where such genuine and unmistakable affection was displayed by one of them. R. O. Cotter.

BUCKING PONIES.

Mark Twain, Bill Nye, The Texas Siftings, and in fact many wits of our western experience, have paid their humorous respects to the energetic equine, known as the "bronco."

Fun has been poked at his pitchings, his lunges laughed at, and his antics under the persistent cowboy have been, by inexperienced "tenderfoot," oftentimes pronounced a fraud. This is because they who have made this charge know nothing of the nature of the "bronco," and are not familiar with his early life and training.



Bucking Bronco.

The idea that the tough little horse we see trying to dislodge his rider is a trained trickster, taught to make the vices of his race a cause of laughter for thoughtless persons, has gained a foothold in the public mind, because they see him making lunges for liberty day after day in some wild west exhibition.

Those who know the "bronco" know why he bucks; they know that he is in this manner protesting against a condition he finds himself confronted with, and against which he inaugurates active rebellion.

From whence comes this horse, and why he so vigorously objects to serving as a beast of burden, no one to my knowledge has yet attempted to tell; and if any apologies have been offered for the out-laws of the "bronco," these also have escaped my notice.

The "bronco" is a pioneer. In his veins flow the blood of an ancestry on the backs of which were borne the Spanish invaders, who, centuries ago, subjugated the people of the gentle Montezuma and conquered the sun-kissed valleys of the southland.

Escaping from their Castilian masters, on the broad "pampas" of Texas, in the kindly vales of New Mexico and Arizona, the ancestors of the "bronco" multiplied into limitless herds of wild horses.

From these ownerless herds the Indian made captives and became a beggar on horseback. By the privations the wild horse endured with their savage captors, who took them into a more northerly climate, they became the hardy, compact Indian pony.

On the plains of Texas they were known as "mustangs," while under the kindly skies and fed on the nutritious grasses of the far Pacific valleys, they grew to be the bony, loose-jointed, tireless "cayuse" of the coast region.

"Bronco" is a Spanish word, and signifies rough. "Bronco caballo," rough horse.

These wild horses years ago, by capture, became the property of the stockman who had invaded the region where they roamed free.

These wild horses were inbred with the hardy horse on the backs of which the hunter, trapper, soldier and stockman had been carried into their country, and the result was the bronco of today.

Until he is four or five years old he roams as free-footed and halterless as did his wild ancestors; he is foaled on the boundless prairie; he has a colthood as unrestrained as the antelope that shares his range. Summer and winter he feeds on the sweet grasses, drinks the pure water that comes roaring and murmuring down from the eternal snows of the ice-capped peaks of the Rockies; his tough sinews strengthen and his great lungs distend like a bellows with the draughts of pure air he drinks. He has probably never seen a man on foot in his life.

But a day comes when some cowboy says: "I guess I might as well ride that fellow." Then the young "bronco" finds he is pursued by a band of yelling, rope-throwing cow punchers. He finds his feet inextricably entangled in rope fetters, or the cruel thongs choking him into oblivion.

When he regains his feet he finds strange trappings fastened to him; a yelling, steel-heeled cowboy astride of him; frantic with fright he makes the best fight for freedom he knows how. He rears, he plunges, he pitches, he runs, and he jumps stiff-legged in heroic efforts to dislodge his yelling rider. Sometimes he succeeds, but far oftener the strong hand, firm seat and the iron bit gains the victory.

But the spirited "bronco" fights again and again, if he ever quits depends on his spirit, his temper and the handling he receives. As a rule no friendly glance, no soothing voice, no caressing hand, no sugar-laden palm is extended to the pony of the plains; but in battle royal, with rasping rope, tightening "slnch," cruel bit and wicked spur, his fate is unconditional surrender, or fight to the death.

Thus, in the start every "bronco" is a "bucker," some succumb quickly, some fight for years, have to be broken every time they are saddled, and a few never quit, but fight on to the end.

I have known a horse that had been "bucking" for years to suddenly, and without apparent cause, cease, become as deco-

rous as a deacon and continue on his good behavior for years, then as suddenly fall into his old tricks and inaugurate an earnest effort to dislocate some rider's backbone. But there is generally an apparent cause for a "bucker's" backsliding. A new rider, new trappings, a strange sight, or any of the hundreds of causes that have been known to stampede staid old family steeds.

To illustrate this, one of Buffalo Bill's cowboys told me the following story of a reformed bucker:

The "Bronco" and the "Cossack."

"One of the 'Cossacks' is riding a dun horse; this horse was once a great bucker, but he quit and for four or five years was considered a well-broken horse. Now the 'Cossacks' are great riders, but what they don't know about 'bronco-busting' would make a big book. One of their tricks is to place the shoulder on the horse's neck, grasp some straps on the saddle with their hands, raise their legs and bodies straight up in the air and ride at full speed standing on their shoulder on the horse's neck just in front of the saddle.

"This was something new to the dun horse, and I imagine he made some such comments as this: 'Ah! what have I struck here? I wonder if his whiskers, who does a 'song and dance' and looks like an hour glass thinks that's the way to ride a horse that never did anything to him. Well, I won't do a thing to him now, only kill him, that's all.' We gathered that 'Cossack' up in a corn basket. He was in the hospital three weeks, but he and the dun horse have settled their differences and he is riding him all right now."

Many years ago, during a sojourn as a "tenderfoot" on a Colorado cattle ranch, it was my fate to ride a "bucking broncho" a whole horrible week, while a felon was doing business on one of my fingers. I was compelled to take about ten minutes of tendon rugging, bone-breaking disturbance from that cow pony every morning, and it was "hoss and hoss" which jumped the harder and claimed my closer attention, the "bronco" or the felon.

After he had done his duty in his effort to dislodge me, the pony was all right for the balance of the day, unless something out of the usual happened, but it all had to be done over again the next day. My life was anything but blissful with that felon on hand all night and the knowledge that the "bucker" would be on hand in the morning.

The "bronco" and his bone-breaking pastime is not an equine picture that would inspire the brush of Bonheur, Detaille or Schreyer. Though his efforts to dislodge his rider are indeed royal battles, they are more marked for vigorous action than for picturesque poses. Yet he demonstrates that he is a foeman worthy the steel of the athletic, fearless cowboy who conquers him.

When a bronco out on the ranges of the west, by bad handling becomes thoroughly vicious, has earned the name of the "Colorado Cloud Burst," the "Dakota Demon," the "Montana Man Killer" or some such reassuring title, and there is not a "bronco buster" on the range who will tackle him, and he is not worth two trade dollars to any one, they ship him on to a "wild west" show. There he meets with a welcome and finds a good home, if he kicks about it and bucks against it and eastern people see this outlaw of the range and think they know all about the bronco when they have only seen his vices. He has virtues in abundance.

He is not mentioned in Wallace's "Stud Book," padded palace cars do not wait him



Bronco Prancing.

across continents to receive the plaudits of worshipping millions; no fat purses dangle at the end of a mile or a mile and a quarter dash for him.

But if a human life hung a hundred miles away, and Ramapo and a bronco were started on a race to save that life, while Ramapo swiftly covered the first two miles the bronco might be engaged in trying to buck his rider off his back, but at the end of the hundred miles Ramapo would be a quitter far in the rear, or a dead horse, miles and miles behind the tireless bronco. Yet the bronco is as necessary on the great plains of the west as is the air and water. He has borne his full share in the westward march of civilization, but it seems to be his fate to be remembered only for his vices, and those vices are largely the result of man's inhumanity to him.

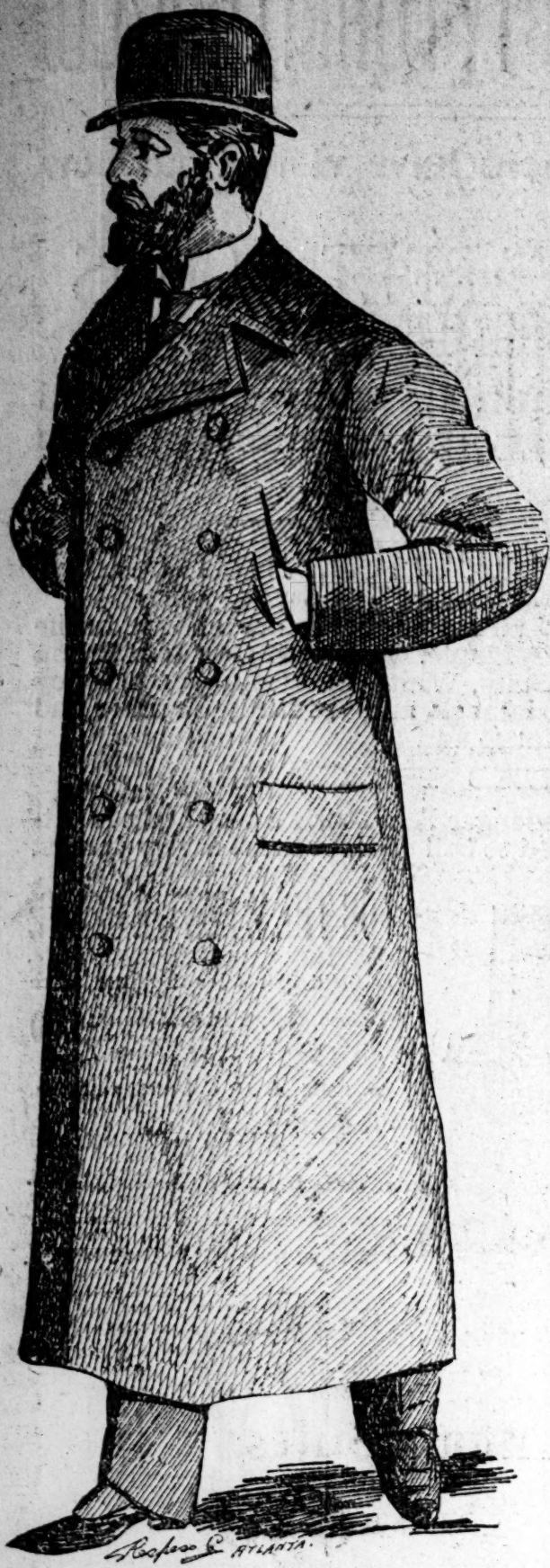
JOHN HENRY MARTIN.

To a Sad Little Girl.

You say you are ugly, and you are afraid That nobody loves you, sad little maid; For people whisper, with lip a-curl, As you pass by, "What an ugly girl!" Ah, well, my dear, if you mope and fret, Your ugly face will be uglier yet. Let me tell you the secret without delay Of growing beautiful day by day. 'Tis a secret as old as the world is old, But worth in itself a mine of gold: Beauty of soul is beauty of face, For inward sweetness makes outward grace.

—Emma C. Dowd, in Harper's Young People.

It was at a good old Methodist revival and the church members were called upon to give the name of something for which they were grateful to God. One man was thankful for his wife and children; another that he was out of debt, and still another that he was favored with good health. At last a feeble old woman stood up and said: "My dear Brother, I have just two teeth in my head, but I thank God they hit."



NO GRASS GROWING UNDER OUR FEET.

THE VASTNESS OF OUR TRANSACTIONS IN DEPRESSED TIMES.

THE LARGENESS OF THE STOCKS ARRIVING DAILY

The Sharp Lookout in Minding Our Own Affairs
Side of the Business.

UNDAUNTED ENTERPRISE, COURAGE, DISCERNMENT, DECISIVENESS,
ARE STARTLING TO THE SLEEPERS.

OUR FIRST FALL GUN IS FIRED

HERE'S THE EFFECT IN DETAIL:

A STORM OVERCOAT

COMMONLY CALLED ULSTERS.
(AS PER CUT.)

Used by People of Discretion!

FOR OUTDOOR ROUGH WEATHER.

THE VERY GOAT FOR ANYBODY

THE VALUE \$10,

OUR PRICE \$4.98 OUR PRICE



SIX SHADES AND PATTERNS

IN MEN'S

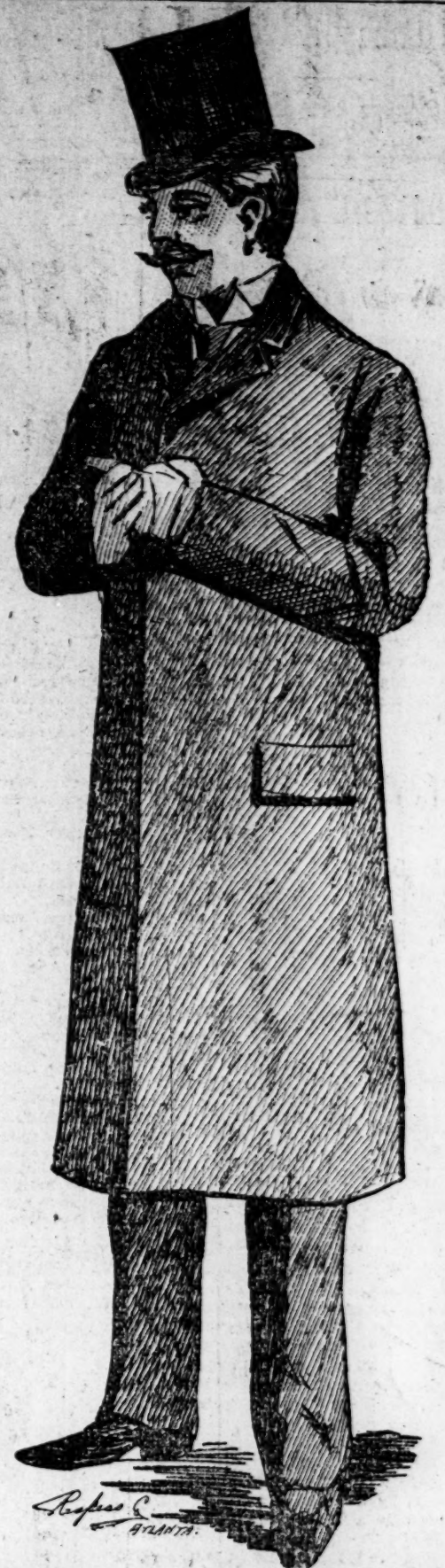
Fall and Winter Overcoats!

COMPRISING 976 GARMENTS.

VALUED AT \$10, \$12 AND \$15,

YOUR CHOICE OVERCOAT

This Lot At \$4.98 This Lot At



Men's black Cheviot Suits, guaranteed to wear and hold color to the last thread, always looks well, and is nicely trimmed; Sack or Cutaway, at.....



5.00

A Man's Suit, made of all-wool material, thoroughly well made and finished, in all the newest patterns and colors; none can beat us on this suit at.....



6.89

Men's single and double breasted Sawyer Cassimeres, as solid as a rock to wear, in single breasted round cornered sacks, Farmer satin lined, at.....



7.89

Men's single or double breasted Cassimere Sack Suits, made up in the most workmanship manner. It's a regular hummer, also black worsted suits, at.....



8.50

Men's Sack Suits in silk-mixed cassimeres, such as you never pay less than \$18.00 for, with the best of trimming and finishing, will go out at.....



8.89

Men's Fall Overcoats, silk sleeve linings, positively equal to Overcoats you pay \$20.00 for, thoroughly well made, go now at.....



8.89

Men's Prince Albert clay worsted Suits, a very nobby Suit, worth \$18.00, and will give elegant service, a suit that looks well, wears well, for



12.50

SAMPLES SENT TO ANY ADDRESS.

WE ARE RECKLESS SELLERS and most prudent buyers. The public shall reap the benefit. We place our ability at your disposal.

38 dozen child's and boys' Yacht Caps, the 50c kind at 15c. Did you see any of that 52 dozen lot we sold before at 15c? Well, they weren't in it. A little lot, possibly 298, Caps for men. We sell 'em at 9c each; they are only worth 25c.

Boys, it will be chilly next week. Tell your ma to see those \$1.48 Overcoats we are selling; they are worth \$4.00, some only \$3.00, but \$1.48 for choice.

Men's Underwear—Hello, I need some! What, 48c suit? Two pieces, 1 shirt, 1 pair drawers, for 48c! and worth 75c, too? Well, I ain't surprised, it's The Globe's offer.

The Canton Flannel Drawers we offer at 38c are only good 50c value, but they are made up so well. Try a few pairs.

The Men's Pants that we sell at 59c is an unlimited supply, not two days only, but as long as 697 pairs last at 59c. Knowing ones bought a few pairs from us—said they were worth \$1.50.

Good Gloves, serviceable gloves, gloves for dress or business, gloves for motormen, hack drivers, truckmen. No use stating price, that's absolutely correct. But we have got one extraordinary value at 59c—it's a dollar glove, it's an all-round glove, it's great at 59c.

Our Neckwear buyer's greatest hobby is buying this line correct. He takes the prize for his fall purchases. The cream of Waterhouse & Auerbach's novelties blended into a brilliant array of the kind you like, and 48c for choice—some Tecks, some Four-in-Hands. The truth of the matter is, a dollar's worth for 48c.

MEN'S FALL OVERCOATS, in Cheviots, made up as well, wear as well, looks as well as any \$18.00 Coat you ever saw. We will sell them for.....



6.98

THE BEST ENGLISH MELTON OVERCOATS, with lap seams, raw edge, a nice absolutely new style, Auburn make, double and single breasted, at.....



7.89

THREE SHADES CHILDREN'S SUITS, ages 4 to 14, new style, good quality, usually sold for \$2.50; big special sale price at.....



1.48

TWO SHADES CHILDREN'S SUITS, ages 4 to 14, dark effects, usually sold for \$3.50, big special sale price.....



1.98

FOUR SHADES BOYS' ALL-WOOL SUITS, made well and will wear well, usually sold for \$4.50, big special sale price.....



2.49

200 BOYS' SUITS, ages from 4 to 18 years, long pants, heavy woolen goods, dark effects, usually sold for \$8.00, big special sale price,



3.97

150 Assorted Double-breasted and Single-breasted Worsted Suits, dark effects, in plaid, stripes and solid colors, usually sold for \$15.00, big special sale price,



5.00

SAMPLES SENT TO ANY ADDRESS.



3 ITEMS FROM OUR SHOE DEPARTMENT

A genuine Australian calf, cork sole, men's Bal or Cong Shoe, correct value \$3.50, our price \$1.98.

124 pairs ladies' Velvet House Slippers, regular value \$1.50, our price 98c.

Ladies' Common Sense or Opera Toe Dongola Button, regular price \$2.00, our price \$1.48.

Any style Shoe desired can be found in our immense Shoe Department.



89. Whitehall.

74-76 S. Broad.

WE CLOSE WEDNESDAY ON ACCOUNT OF HOLIDAY.



A LITTLE HAT TALK:

THE "GLOBE" DERBY, the \$2.00 kind, at 98c; black or brown.

THE "GLOBE" ALPINE, the \$2.00 kind, at 98c; black or brown.

HATS at \$1.48, \$1.98; some higher.

SILK HATS at \$3.98.

A FULL LINE OF STETSON HATS.

In fact, we are Atlanta's leading Hatters. This department is presided over by S. Bernard, formerly the representative of the largest manufacturing on this continent.

Columns of Bargains! **KEELY COMPANY** Columns of Bargains!
Greatest Offerings Yet Made!

Indigo Prints, made to sell at 7c—the best in quality and style we ever had at 7c. It's a triumph to sell it at... **5c**

Calico in beautiful Autumn styles and colorings, standard brands and widths; worth 6½c, our price... **5c**

Four cases Gingham, fresh from the Yankee makers, and they are better both in weave and finish than in any other season... **5c**

Dress Goods.

A dazzling and bewildering aggregation. The bright sheen of silk and the duller lustre of wool enrich their serried ranks. Myriad weaves, designs and colors that are indescribable. The pride of the store. A peerless stock that inspires widespread admiration. Commonplace descriptions and mechanical tabulations are incapable of doing justice to the radiant styles. Language fails! However, cold figures may be impressive.

Wool Taffeta Suitings, 38 inches wide, black and dice armure effects, also swivel and brocade designs, all the autumn colors, worth 30c; our price... **19c**

Wool Diagonal Suitings, 38 inches wide, well adapted for a dress that's to be worn shopping, driving or traveling, the price was meant to be 35c; it is... **23c**

Here's a veritable trade miracle. The Dress Goods sensation of the season. These are center counter special bargains that will magnetize the Monday morning masses. Don't miss the chance!

Scotch Tweeds, Illuminated Mohair Suitings, Changeable Diagonals, Camel's-hair Melanges, Crepes, Boucle, Twill and Two-toned Novelities, 42 inches. All-wool Flannels in nine colors, Bourette Plaids, Berkshire Checks, French Stripes, Oxford Homespuns and a half score other styles. Worth up to 75c the yard; our price... **39c**

Think of the variety! think of the quantities! think of the price! Then visit the store; that's all we ask.

Devonshire Cheviot Suiting, 54 honest inches wide—yard and a half from edge to edge. Roughish invisible check pattern in six colorings, worth 75c; our price... **49c**

Serges and Cashmeres criss-crossed into every possible plaid pattern. The soft grounds are checked and streaked like a primrose painted pasture... **50c**

Jacquard Suiting, Bengalines, Silk and wool Melanges, Cheviot weaves with silk seed-dot sprinklings, Shark Skin Cloth and Amures, worth up to \$1.00; at... **50c**

Duschesse Homespun, 46 inches wide and Checked Cheviot, beautiful styles and surprisingly fine qualities, all the tints of autumn leaves, worth \$1.00; at... **65c**

Ladies' Cloth, 54 inches wide, made in this country, weave and finish equal to the choicest foreign stuff. Free wool figures in the price, so does the shadow of over-sea competition, eleven shades **75c**

Here are high-rolling billows of European Fabrics—rich novelties. Waves of weaves surging over a great circle of center counters. Many of the following are not to be found elsewhere:

Silk-and-wool Brocades and Jacquards, Crepon, Parisien, Boucle and Homespuns, Granite Cloths, Heather Mixtures, Bannockburns, French Cheviots, Mohair Figured Armures, Irish Friezes, Serge Melange, Zebeline Suitings and London Tailor Checks. Worth up to \$1.50; our price... **98c**

If you fail to see this unparalleled collection before buying it will be the regret of your Dress Goods purchasing experience.

Covert Cloths.

Our assortment is affirmed to be beyond comparison when measured by any other Atlanta stock. Master-makes of the most famous French, English and German loom artists. They are the favorites with many for rich, neat, quiet dressing. That's why we strained every facility to secure the superior stock of the period. How well we succeeded is indicated by the following suggestion:

One grade... 39c... worth... 60c
One grade... 59c... worth... 75c
One grade... 98c... worth... \$1.25
One grade... \$1.25... worth... \$1.65
One grade... \$1.50... worth... \$2.00

A brilliant range of color mixes, including the two-toned effects and the faintly splashed and figured designs that are fascinating to so many. Hard and soft twisted in wool and silk-and-wool.

Broadcloths.

They are still firmly entrenched in popular favor. Seems that no other stuff will take their place for certain uses. The present display is in every respect the most interesting offering we ever made. Every piece is exclusive and elegant—

One grade... 99c... worth... \$1.25
One grade... \$1.25... worth... \$1.50
One grade... \$1.50... worth... \$1.75
One grade... \$1.75... worth... \$2.25
One grade... \$2.00... worth... \$2.50

We show forty-six colors and fraction of colors. They were never in greater demand for Tailor-made Gowns, Wraps, Habits and Children's Dresses and Cloaks.

Novelty Suits.

See them on the center counters. A monumental, colossal, imperial, imposing, unequaled exhibition. Values that stagger and daunt other people who have Novelty Suits to sell. We open the season with a series of invincible bargains which will, without doubt, capture the custom of the entire community.

BEHOLD THIS BONANZA:

Imported Robe Patterns—Barré Boucle and Basket Suitings, Matelasse and Jacquard Weaves, Tailor Checks, Bourette, Camel's-hair, Homespun and Cheviot Novelities. Every color, every design, every one the newest effects. Worth up to \$1.00; choice tomorrow at... **\$1.00**

It's terrific, fearful, unprecedented sacrifice. But we do such things for the glory to be got...

Unbleached Canton Flannel, strong, firm back, good heavy fleece. Just right for cold, snappy weather, worth 7c; our price... **4½c**

Sea Island, clean cotton, made by one of the leading mills of America. A brand that would be counted low at 7c; our price... **5c**

Brown Sheetting, fine fibre, evenly spun, evenly woven. With a little washing it will be practically a bleached muslin... **4½c**

Bleached Domestic, feel it, put a glass on it, test it in any way—hard, round thread and snugly woven, 36 inches wide... **5c**

Black Goods.

How little the mere list suggests. See the goods, there's inspiration in every yard of them. Prices are as remarkably little as qualities are exceptionally fine. Almost any of them would have been fifty per cent higher last year. Some of the varieties in All-wool:

Henrietta, Diagonal, Cashmeres, Surah, Storm Serge, Merino, Whipcord, Sebastopol, Melrose, Venetian Crepe, Drap d'Alma, Crepon, Camel's-hair, Granite Cloth, Cheviot, Corkcrew, Hopsack, Velour.

These are staples in Silk-and-Wool. But there's a labyrinth of fancy weaves—small, neat designs worked in the face of the fabrics as daintily as a sunbeam kisses the petals of a rose.

Eudora, Crepon, Henrietta, Crystallette, Melrose, Armures, Drap d'Alma, Clairette, Lansdown, Tamise, Crepe Cloth, Crepe Japon, Plushelle, Novelities.

A pure, clear north light flooding every corner of the department. Dozens of attractive styles at 40c, 50c, 65c, 75c, 85c and \$1.

Bleached-Canton Flannel, note the close, firm back and the heavily fleeced face. Right in every way; worth 12½c; at... **9½c**

Cotton Covert Cloth, the mixed color effect and mingled weaves closely imitate the wool fabric of that name... **10c**

Flannelettes, fast-dyed, well-woven, warm, sturdy stuffs that used to be quick at 17½c; the price is... **10c**

Angora Double-width Dress Goods, stripes, plaids and all sorts of pretty color combinations... **12½c**

Dress Silks.

The Silk store is as brilliant and busy as was last year's Midway Plaisance. It fairly thrills with activity. Nearly every saunterer through the aisle carries a while to see and feel the Silks that shimmer atop the counters. The present goods are half of last year's prices, but they are beautiful, new and incomparable patterns, styles and colorings.

Big money to be saved here this week:

Plain Surahs, smooth and regular weave, light, medium and dark colors, worth 50c; our price... **35c**

Illuminated Satin de Chene, a later-comer and very rich; we have them in all the seasonal shades, worth 60c; at... **39c**

Glaze Silks, tinted grounds with a keen iridescent glow, cut by blending color lines into checks and stripes... **49c**

Figured Beau d' Soie, genuine Persian colors, peculiarly brocaded in broche designs, worth 85c; our price... **67c**

Faille Francaise and Japanese Silks, very fine finish, all the leading Fall shades, worth \$1.00; our price... **75c**

Fancy Taffetas; satin figures and hair-line stripes printed color on cloth, worth \$1.25; our price... **85c**

Exquisite Taffeta Silk, four-toned effects, with sprays and flowers and cluster stripes, worth \$1.35; at... **98c**

Special.

This line of Black Silks is wonderful. Every piece is fresh and you'll never see such low prices again:

Black Gros Grain Silk, worth... \$1.25
Black Beau de Soie, worth... \$1.35
Black Armure Silks, worth... \$1.25
Black Satin Duchesse, worth... \$1.50
Black Satin Rhadimir, worth... \$1.35
Black Satin Moire, worth... \$1.50
Black Taffeta Silk, worth... \$1.35
Black All-silk Satin, worth... \$1.25

Your choice Monday at... **97c**

In extreme novelties the Black Silks are magnificent. There are Gros de Londres, Luxor Travers, Moire Fascine, Pekin Damier, Reps, Moire and Taffetas in Jardiniere, Bayadere and Pompadour effects, worth easily anywhere \$2.00; our price... **\$1.25**

Don't Forget!

That's a useless headline, for we don't intend to let any one forget that we are out for the Silk trade of the town. Our best endeavors, energies and enterprise are bent for that purpose. Come tomorrow and see how we are succeeding.

Wraps.

A model department. The entire space has an air of dazzling brilliancy. Hundreds of Capes, Jackets and Wraps of bewildering richness greet the glance. Pause by the heavily laden racks. Look along the lines. Paris, Berlin, Vienna and New York wit and talent shine there delightfully.

Highland or Golf Capes.

Our collection is perfect. Plain Vicuna, Covert Cloth, Broadcloth, Heather Mixture, Cheviots, Homespuns, Kerseys and the like. All have a soft mellow finish that especially fit them for Women's Capes.

Plaid Cheviot Double Cape, genuine Golf collar. Cost the imported \$8 to import, he says. Would naturally retail at \$10, or thereabout. We make the price... **\$5.00**

Golf Cape, made out of right-weight Broadcloth, (100) comb-dious hood, lined throughout with plaid glaze and surah silk, worth \$11.50, as others charge; our price... **\$7.50**

Bright tan Castor Beaver Cape, self-appliqued, velvet bound, inlaid velvet collar and silk-faced. One of the noblest in the lot, worth \$13.50; our price... **\$10.00**

Highland Cape, made out of Scotch Tweed or Velvet-faced Woolen, with plaid pattern inside, and modest-priced withal, considering the style and finish... **\$10.00**

Bell-shaped Knickerbocker Golf Capes, a deep, generous and picturesque garment, with plaid, wool-lined hood. You'd expect the price to be \$15.00; it is... **\$10.00**

Cheviot Jackets, blue, gray, brown and tan, velvet collar, double breasted and trimmed with large pearl buttons, worth \$11.50; our price only... **\$7.50**

Cheviot and Broadcloth Golf Capes, in red, blue, brown, gray and tan. Hood lined with striped armure silk and plaid glaze, worth \$15.00; our price... **\$10.00**

Three-quarter Walking Jacket, made of beaver and kersey, right-fitting coat effect, velvet collar, large pearl buttons, in gray, brown, tan and blue... **\$10.00**

Full-length Plush Capes, satin-lined, richly trimmed with various furs, beautifully shaped and finished, \$20.00, \$16.50, \$15.00 and... **\$12.50**

See the Capes of Velour du Nord and Plush. They are plain, fur-trimmed, or embroidered—some prettily touched with jet or be-dight with passementerie.

Scotch Plaid Gingham, can-nily made; crisp, cool and clean-seeming all the time, worth 15c; our price... **10c**

White Flannel, clean, white wool with a mite of cotton combed in to prevent shrinking in the wash. As soft and mellow as 20c grades... **12½c**

Loom men who know White Flannels say that these are excellent in every way, all wool and worth 25c; our price... **15c**

Drape d'Vienne and French Sateens, light and dark grounds with exquisite printings... **15c**

Atlanta's Policemen Saved

Money on their Winter Uniforms by buying from us. You can do the same. Just give us a chance. We daily fit and please merchants, mechanics, doctors, lawyers, farmers, bankers, preachers, teachers, rich men, poor men, fat men, lean men, short men, tall men—all kinds of men.

EISEMAN & WEIL.

One Price Clothiers.

3 Whitehall St.

Economy.**Money Saved****HOYT'S.**

Genuine French Sardines... 10
American Sardines... 10
Canned Pineapples... 10
Fresh Milk Biscuits, per pound... 10
Nidavene Flakes, per package... 10
French Prunes, per pound... 10
50th Peachtree Patent Flour... 1.10
Arbuckle's Coffee... .25
Best Mocha and Java Coffee, 3lb for... 1.00
8 bars Polo Soap... .25
14 bars Tip Top Soap... .25
New Evaporated Apples, per pound... .15
New Evaporated Apricots, per pound... .25
Sugar Cured Ham... .14
Pentecost Milk, per can... .12
Hong Kong Tea, per pound... .30
Everything cheap and of the very best quality.

W. R. HOYT,
90 Whitehall
Phone 451.
GO TO 63 PEACHTREE STREET.

AT AUCTION.
5th Grand Combination Sale of Standard Bred Trotting Horses, Saddlers and Drivers, at the Brady-Miller Feed and Sale Stables, Atlanta, Ga., October 9th, 10th and 11th.

We call the attention of all lovers of good Horses to this consignment by J. W. Ferguson, Cynthia, Ky., of 125 head of Horses, sired by such noted sires as Simmons, Bourbon-Wilkes, Belmont and other noted ones. This is the grandest lot ever shipped to this market, both as to breeding and individuality. All who want horses now will have a rare opportunity to get something good. This sale is positive. Horses ready for inspection Monday, October 8th. Send for Catalogue.

Also, 300 head of Horses, of all grades, will be sold during the week at auction. JOHN A. MILLER, President.

Piles and Fistula.

Treated by Dr. Tucker. Cure guaranteed. No knife used. No confinement. Terms within the reach of all. Consultation free. 15 North Broad street, Atlanta, Ga.

GO TO 63 PEACHTREE STREET.



DR. D. F. THOMPSON

Specialist,
224 WHITEHALL STREET.
Cures (starb of the Head, Nose, Ears, Throat, Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, Uterus and Bladder; Rheumatism, Blood and Skin and Nervous Diseases, Medicine furnished. Hours, 9 to 5; Sundays 9 to 12:30. Consultation free.

SEE THE GRAND SWEEPING BARGAINS

PLACED ON SALE MONDAY AT

SIMON & FROHSIN.

43 WHITEHALL ST.

A rare chance to save money by taking advantage of our sale of 200 dozen LADIES' RIBBED WOOL VESTS, PANTS AND UNION SUITS, clean, perfect garments, samples of the largest manufacturer of these goods, at less than half price.

Ladies' Wool Vests and Pants

AT 49c,

AT 69c,

Regular Price 75c and \$1.00.

Regular Price \$1.25 to \$1.75.

Ladies' Wool Union Suits,

AT 65c,

AT 98c,

Worth \$1.25.

Worth \$1.50 to \$1.75.

Children's Union Suits, ALL SIZES,

AT 45c,

AT 65c,

Worth 75c.

Worth \$1 and \$1.25.

Ladies' heavy ribbed cotton Vests at 15c.

Ladies' combed Egyptian yarn Vest and Pants, silk trimmed and fleece lined, the kind which sells everywhere at 50c; our price 25c.

Men's Underwear.

Ribbed Merino Shirts or Drawers worth 50c, at 25c.

Natural wool Shirts and Drawers worth 60c, at 45c.

All wool camel's hair or medicated scarlet Shirts and Drawers worth \$1.25, at 75c.

Hosiery Specials.

Ladies' and Children's ribbed or plain, fast colored Hose, double heel and toes, 10c.

Ladies' 40-gauge, Hermsdorf's dye Hose, double heel and toes, good value at 25c, our price 18c.

Men's real Maco fast black Hose, double soles and high spliced heels, worth 25c, at 15c.

Gloves.

Remember, we are sole agents for the celebrated Centimeri Gloves, none genuine unless you find Centimeri's name in full in left hand glove.

100 dozen real French Kid Gloves with large pearl buttons or Foster hooks, worth \$1.50, fitted and warranted, at \$1.

Ladies' all wool Cashmere Gloves with gauntlets, a 35c glove, at 20c.

Children's Cloaks

and Headwear.

In this department we are showing the latest novelties at lower prices than you are used to paying for these goods elsewhere.

A few special leaders are: Infants' silk embroidered Cashmere Cloaks at 98c.

Children's Cloaks, sizes 2 to 5 years, with Angora fur trimming, at \$1.00.

Children's all wool Eiderdown Cloaks, all colors and cream at \$1.49.

Children's silk embroidered Caps at 25c.

The best values you ever saw in white and colored silk Caps from 50c to \$2.00.

Large assortment samples of girls' and boys' cloth Caps and Hats at half value.

Ladies' Skirts.

Ladies' Knitted Skirts, all colors, at 40c.

All wool Knitted Skirts at \$1.00. Lined fast black Sateen Skirts, with ruffles, 75c.

Black Mohair Skirts lined with flannel, \$1.98.

YOUR PARTICULAR PEOPLE!

You may be hard to please in Clothing. That is the kind of customers we want. We take pains to satisfy them. We know they are a good advertisement for us; for they invariably tell others of our happy way of doing things. We are trying to build up a business by catering to just this class of particular, well-dressed men, who will be stylishly clothed, but who won't pay three prices to the tailor.

GEO. MUSE CLOTHING CO.,
38 WHITEHALL

TABERNACLE TALK

Religion never disqualifies a man for hold-
office if the office itself is worth hold-
ing.

This is well illustrated by the result of last Wednesday's primary election. Among the successful candidates who will manage the affairs of the city during the coming year, are several active and influential church men. Hon. E. James

newly elected councilman from the sixth ward, is at present the superintendent of

First Presbyterian Sunday school. Mr. S. Bell is the superintendent of the day school of the First Christian church also the president of the Young Men's

T. C. Mayson, who will represent the ward in the city council, is the superintendent of the Western street

modist Sunday school, and Mr. J. Day, of the second ward, also a Sunday school superintendent. Captain John A. Miller and Mr.

George H. Sims, of the fourth and fifth wards, respectively, are active stewards in the church. Every ward in the city, therefore, is represented by substantial Christian men and the welfare of the city is not apt to decline during their administration. Religious zeal and purity of life in conversation is no barrier to a man's social aspirations. A good man can always be trusted; his fellow citizens know he is honest and worthy and they do hesitate to pin their faith to him. On

tions of vital importance, affecting the
are of the city, he can be relied upon
ote his conscience in spite of opposition

even at the sacrifice of his popularity. Religious activity, therefore, instead of qualifying him for office, only increases efficiency and renders him more capable of an honest and patriotic discharge of his public duty.

the Central Congregational church this
ing at 8 o'clock a brilliant trio of mu-
nuns will entertain the congregation in
tion to the usual choir music. The

bers of the trio are Mr. Thad Ackley, Mr. Mack Rathbun, violoncello, and Bessie Rathbun on the piano. A combination of musical talent is not found in this city. Rev. R. V. Atkinson the pastor of the church, is preaching a series of sermons at the evening service "Christianity and Evolution, or a View from the Peaks." Mr. Atkinson is one of the deepest thinkers in the city and his sermons have attracted much attention.

The First Methodist church tomorrow morning at 10:30 o'clock there will be a meeting of the Evangelical Ministers' Association. Important questions are to be discussed and a full attendance is urgently

Mr. R. V. Attkisson will conduct the services at the Young Men's Christian Association this afternoon at 3:30 o'clock. Mr. Attkisson is an eloquent and able speaker and his address to young men this afternoon will be well worth hearing. A programme of music will be rendered and the singing will be one of the best of the season.

shall We Give up the Bible?" is the subject that will be discussed at the railroad branch of the Young Men's Christian Association this afternoon by Mr. L. L. Light. The unbelief of the day and its effect upon the social, business and political life of the country will be treated.

ere will be an important meeting at Church of Our Father tomorrow morn- at 8 o'clock in behalf of the proposed rmatory school for juvenile offenders he law. The meeting is called by the wing well-known citizens: Messrs. The- e Schumann, H. H. Cabaniss, E. P.

berlin, J. W. English, Albert Howell,
k Howell, Robert J. Lowry, W. P. Sla-
and P. J. Moran.

the Pryor street chapel next Friday
ing a delightful entertainment will be
n under the auspices of the mission.
ng those who will participate in the

Assume are Mr. E. O. Foster, Miss Saraskwe, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pearson, Carl Barth, Dr. William Cresshaw, F. A. Bailey, Mr. Edward York and L. L. Knight.

Baptist.

The Men Who Have the Courage to Do What Is Right in the Sight of God" the subject that Dr. Hawthorne will discuss at the First Baptist church this evening at 11 o'clock.

Services at the Second Baptist church: Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Preaching at 11 a. m. by the pastor, Dr. Henry McDonald, and services at night at 7:30. Young Men's

er meeting every Monday night at 8 o'clock.
Regular church prayer meeting on Wednesday night at 7:30. Young people's meeting every Friday night at 8 o'clock.

Central Baptist church, corner West Fair and Peters streets, D. W. Gwila, D. D., pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. every Sunday. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Professor L. M. Landrum, superintendent. Young People's Union meets at 3 p. m.

8 p. m. Woman's Aid society meets day at 3 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.

—

Second Baptist Church, corner Washington and Mitchell streets. Rev. Henry McLeod, D. D., pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Prayer meeting at 7:29 p. m. Wednesday. All are cordially invited to these services.

—

Jackson Hill Baptist church, corner First street and First avenue. Preaching

on street and east avenue. 7:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by Rev. Edward
 ker. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m., A.
 Bealer, superintendent.
 East End Baptist church, Rev. S. Y.
 person, pastor. Preaching at 11 o'clock
 and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday
 school 9:30 a. m. Regular business meeting

the church will be held on Tuesday evening at 7:45.

fth Baptist church, corner Bell and
er streets, Rev. V. C. Norcross, pas-
Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.
ay school 9:30 a. m., Thomas J. Buch-
and W. H. McClain, superintendents.

meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30
er. Society Christian Endeavor Tues-
evening.

—

West Baptist church, corner Mangum
and Hunter streets, Rev. A. C. Ward,
pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:45 p.
m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a.
m. W. M. Perryman, superintendent.
Young people's meeting every Wednesday at 7:45
p. m. All are cordially invited to
these meetings.

—

Capitol Avenue Baptist church, Dr.
F. Swaiding, pastor. Preaching at 11
a. m. and 7:45 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday

At 9:30 a. m., W. W. Orr, superintendent. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening 7:45. All are cordially invited.

Central Street Baptist mission, corner Glena Smith streets, Rev. J. I. Oxford, pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Rev. J. M. Brittaker. Sunday school at 11 a. m., W. A. Johnson, superintendent.

Methodist.

Community church, corner Whitehall and 14th avenue, Walker Lewis, pastor, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

pastor at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at

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24 PAGES.

ATLANTA, GA., October 7, 1894.

The Vote of the State.
It will be impossible to obtain the announcement of the official result of last Wednesday's election until Monday, the 15th instant, on which day the returns now being received, according to law, by the secretary of state, will be opened in the presence of the governor.

Already the returns from most of the counties of the state have been received at the capitol and by tomorrow it is probable that the returns from every county will be in. They are sealed and cannot be opened until so directed by the governor. After a conference with the secretary of state October 15th has been agreed upon as the day for the canvass of the returns, and until then the state will be in darkness of the result, except in so far as it has been announced by The Constitution.

The election occurred on Wednesday. The Constitution of Thursday morning contained a report from every county in the state, obtained under the most adverse circumstances and collected by more than one thousand special messengers. The returns from every county were consolidated in the respective county seats and were immediately forwarded by telegraph to The Constitution. In many counties the returns had to be taken from ten to thirty miles through the country on horseback to the nearest telegraph station, and our correspondent at St. Marys, after collecting the returns from Camden county, carried them by boat up the St. Marys river to Fernandina sound, and thence to Fernandina, Fla.—a distance of twenty miles covered at midnight.

Through the activity of our correspondents in every county, The Constitution was enabled to present the morning after the election the unofficial consolidated returns from every county in the state, and we announced on Thursday morning that Mr. Atkinson's majority would be 30,000. Since then our correspondents in almost every county have verified the official consolidations of their respective counties, and we find that our reports as published Thursday morning are substantially correct. In most of the counties the reports of our correspondents, sent after the official consolidation, verify the unofficial returns telegraphed on Wednesday night.

Thus it will be seen that the official canvass, to take place on the 15th instant, will show that the official vote of the state will not vary much from 30,000, and that The Constitution has done what no other paper in Georgia has ever attempted to do—covered again, on the night of the election, news reports from every county in the state and presented to its readers with approximate exactness the official result of the vote of the state.

Long Life to Johnny Lowlow.

Not very long ago we indulged in some reminiscences of the old-fashioned circus clown, deploring his disappearance, and inquiring why it is that the enterprising capitalists who are at the head of the new monster aggregations—to borrow from their picturesque vocabulary—cannot make room in their vast amphitheatres for the old-time clowns.

Incidentally we referred to Johnny Lowlow, the last and best of his kind, and took occasion to lay the flowers of memory on his tomb, paying a feeble tribute to his genius as a humorist and a moralist. But it seems that Mr. Lowlow is very much alive, in token whereof we print in another place a letter written in his own hand, in which he announces that he is well and hearty, still ambitious of renewing the pleasure he gave to thousands when he was the principal attraction of old John Robinson's circus, and taking a just and seemly pride in the passing tribute which The Constitution paid to his remarkable gifts of humor.

Several years ago the word went forth that Johnny Lowlow had been seized with fever in one of the towns of southern or southwest Georgia. Then came the news that he had passed away. This news seemed to be confirmed by the fact that he appeared in the ring no more. The show that he had traveled with folded its tents and disappeared, and finally old Uncle John Robinson himself went over to the majority. Thus it was that the friends and admirers of Mr. Lowlow came to regard his name as a pleasant memory. But

they will join with The Constitution in expressing gratification that their old favorite is still alive and happy, and in the very prime of life. We are sure he deserves all the happiness and good fortune that may fall to his share. In his way he has done more for the world in his day and time than some men whose fame is greater. He has chased dull care from many a wrinkled brow. He has made old people laugh, and has given unalloyed happiness to thousands of children who are now grown men and women.

Long life to Johnny Lowlow, and may the day soon come when those who are now youngsters can get a whiff of his humor and hear him cry out: "Bring in another horse!"

Preserve the Purity of the Ballot!

We observe that in some of the counties of the state there is a tendency to throw out, on technicalities, the votes of enough precincts to reverse the result in such counties.

As a democratic newspaper, devoted to the democratic party and with a lively faith in the potency of democratic principles, The Constitution calls a halt in the counting out process! Legal votes that are cast should be counted. A manager, whether populist, republican or democratic, who refuses to sign returns, or who signs them improperly, because a majority of the votes is against his party, commits an outrage for which the whole organization becomes directly answerable to the people.

We say, therefore, that the party cannot afford to tolerate even the suspicion of fraud. The voters will not and ought not to submit to it.

A contingency never will arise when any party can afford to be dishonest—when those who represent it can afford to do the dirty work and commit the political crimes that the republicans are charged with.

The counting out of votes because some superserviceable election manager refuses to certify to the returns is an outrage that cannot be excused or justified. If an election manager in some remote precinct can disfranchise the qualified voters and change the result in an entire county, then popular government is at an end with us. The purity of the ballot box is such a vital matter that the party in Georgia cannot afford to recognize or justify any act that will even lead color to a charge that there has been fraud in the counting of the votes. Such a display of partisanship may result in a temporary gain for the party, but it invites—demands—such a sweeping reaction as will compel the party to pay a terrible price for the temporary benefits.

For years the democratic party has been crying out against frauds and outrages committed by the republicans. The party's protests against the great election frauds of 1876 are well remembered. In fact, for thirty years the democrats have been arraigning the republicans for tampering with the purity of the ballot. For that reason we deem it to be our duty to announce in the interests of the organization in this state that the people of Georgia will not tolerate the counting out of legal votes, no matter in whose behalf the outrage may be committed.

We do not know that any such attempt has been made; but there are various whispers and rumors flying about. It is reported that in first one county and then another returns have been thrown out on purely technical grounds. All this is serious enough to invite comment. The voters of the state cannot be disfranchised on technical grounds, or because the managers of the precincts refuse to certify to the returns. Those who make the attempt on any ground are inflicting a terrible wound on the party and preparing to have themselves pilloried before the public. Ballot box corruption is the worst form of thievery and there shall be none of it in Georgia!

Sympathy for a Good Citizen.

Deep sympathy is felt throughout the city for Atlanta's well-known citizen, Mr. T. B. Neal, at the loss of his wife, whose death occurred yesterday morning. Mr. Neal is one of Atlanta's best and truest men—ever watchful of the interests of the city and ever active in every movement that looks to the city's development. The heart of many an Atlanta man throbs in sympathy with him today as the keen affliction with which he has been stricken. Mrs. Neal was an estimable woman and her loss will prove a deep sorrow to her large circle of friends, who have been drawn close to her by her many noble qualities and her womanly attributes.

Two Notable Cases.

Some months ago J. C. Moore, an official in a national bank, at Manchester, N. H., embezzled the funds of the concern and was arrested and indicted. There was no doubt of his guilt and his conviction was confidently expected, but the other day, to the surprise of everybody, when the case came up for trial, he was allowed to go scot free. It seems that the indictment gave the name of the bank as the "Commonwealth National Bank, of Manchester," whereas it should have been "The National Bank of the Commonwealth of Manchester."

This trifling mistake made the prisoner. Everybody knew that he was guilty, but a miserable little technicality now enables him to escape the penalty of the law, and he will enjoy his booty without any fear of being again required to answer for his crime.

Another recent case is equally notable, although it is very different from the other. Three years ago, the supreme court of Nebraska decided that a man who had murdered his daughter could not inherit her property. The case has come up a second time in a new shape, and the court now decides that it cannot overturn the established rule of inheritance of certain dens of vice. A few

heritance even when the heir gains his heritage by committing murder.

For ways that are dark and tricks that are vain, some of our courts are rather peculiar. The two cases here described have been decided against the plain rules of common sense and common justice.

Atlanta's Next Administration.

Our people generally seem to be very well satisfied with the ticket nominated in the recent city primary.

From the mayor down it is a good ticket. The nominees are men of ability and integrity and they are thoroughly identified with our interests, and may be expected to pull for Atlanta all the time.

While this is true, it is also true that a number of good men were defeated. This is the fortune of politics, and it is something that cannot be avoided. Some of our best and most popular citizens failed to secure enough votes to nominate them, but Atlanta is proud of them all the same, and confidently counts upon their public spirited efforts to advance the welfare of the city.

Next year will be one of the most important periods in our history, and it is gratifying to know that our municipal affairs will be under the control of men who will give us a first-class administration, progressive, economical and safe, and in every way worthy of our expectation.

An Export Duty on Cotton.

We print in another column a very interesting communication from Mr. Francis Fontaine, in which he suggests and advocates an export duty on cotton as at least a partial remedy for the evils that have grown out of the dislocation of our currency system.

Mr. Fontaine calls attention to the fact that the statesmen who framed the confederate constitution provided in that instrument for an export duty on cotton, and it is indeed significant that the potency of such a duty should have received a recognition so conspicuous. Mr. Fontaine's suggestion is certainly worthy of attention, and we hope to see it discussed. It is a law of economics that the consumers pay the tax. In this instance, the question arises whether the export duty would come out of the pockets of the European consumers, or whether it would be subtracted from the price, which is practically made by England.

We believe that the true remedy for the low price of cotton and other products of labor is the restoration of our currency system to its normal condition, and this can only be accomplished by repealing the republican act of demonetization; but Mr. Fontaine's suggestion opens up another subject of discussion.

A Remarkable Showing.

According to the facts and figures presented by Mr. J. K. Upton in a recent article in Harper's Weekly, the south is undoubtedly the most prosperous and progressive region of the republic.

Mr. Upton takes the eleven old confederate states, and in the following two tables shows the assessed value of property in 1870 and 1890:

ASSESSED VALUATION OF REAL ESTATE TAXED.		
	1870.	1890.
State—		
Virginia.....	\$380,133,641	\$1,026,384,284
North Carolina.....	142,088,522	69,595,609
South Carolina.....	92,231,742	37,585,742
Georgia.....	228,064,215	115,138,272
Florida.....	60,598,574	16,158,152
Alabama.....	154,790,484	48,778,484
Mississippi.....	117,064,302	94,222,738
Louisiana.....	159,619,875	152,074,700
Texas.....	523,398,098	77,746,254
Tennessee.....	292,872,811	178,428,390
Arkansas.....	109,417,158	50,481,843
Total.....	\$2,265,730,613	\$1,241,746,008

ASSESSED VALUATION OF PERSONAL PROPERTY TAXED.

	1870.	1890.
State—		
Virginia.....	\$208,700,233	\$106,149,819
North Carolina.....	92,231,742	37,585,742
South Carolina.....	78,235,946	31,534,330
Georgia.....	190,774,039	66,617,042
Florida.....	21,182,137	5,887,442
Alabama.....	104,273,051	30,887,442
Mississippi.....	49,767,877	47,300,444
Louisiana.....	74,790,484	60,822,811
Texas.....	267,005,507	45,037,085
Tennessee.....	93,887,380	24,597,428
Arkansas.....	55,230,527	20,140,000
Total.....	\$1,243,046,438	\$500,000,346

These are remarkable figures. In twenty years by taxable value of real estate in these eleven southern states has increased \$1,027,000,000, or 82 per cent, while in the same period the personal property has increased to the extent of \$733,000,000, or 154 per cent.

These two tables show that the increase of our taxable property between 1870 and 1890 amounts to \$1,780,000,000, and when we consider the fact that the south lost \$1,400,000,000 worth of property by the war, and that this amount had been made good by 1870, it must be compared to everybody that this section is making a phenomenal record in the matter of recuperation and progress.

The south is the land of promise, and will some day be the richest quarter of the union.

Too Much Government.

In New York the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has decided that nobody shall be allowed to keep a cat without taking out a license.

The World enters a mild protest against this sort of business. It says: "If this goes on, where is amateur government and philanthropic bossism to end, we would like to know."

If an American citizen cannot keep a cat without asking permission of the government and of the societies which volunteer to do all the governing the government does, what chance has the underprivileged and the oppressed?

It is time to draw the line somewhere to make it at asking permission to keep a cat.

Ask government permission to get the baby a kitten? Never! We are bossed too much!

During recent years there has been a tendency in large northern and western cities to permit various societies and committees to take an active hand in governing the people. The authorities of New York city ought to be able to formulate and enforce all needful regulations in regard to dogs and cats, the prevention of cruelty to children, the exposure of immoral pictures, the sale of licentious literature and the maintenance of certain dens of vice. A few

so-called reformers should not be allowed to control these matters, employ private detectives and dominate the city government.

Instead of submitting to the rule of these cranks, the people of New York should arrest and prosecute them for disorderly conduct and conspiracy. What will become of the boasted liberty of the average American citizen when he cannot even keep an ordinary house cat without taking out a license?

Our Foreign Trade.

A Baltimore merchant who has been pushing his trade in the Spanish-American countries is quoted as saying:

"If our manufacturers had a little of the eager Latin impulse for intercourse between this country and South and Central America, we should rapidly develop an extensive export trade. Unfortunately the circumference of the average manufacturer's horizon is about that of his hat brim. He suffers from the overproduction and competition and wants more consumers, but falters at the seaboard, although 50,000,000 of the Latin races and an affluent purchasing power await his service. The English have been deluged in Central and South America, but not the Germans and every six months of delay on our part is a loss of five years in favor of Teutonic incursions in commerce. I am really ashamed of my own countrymen, who are capable of an export trade, but who fail to grasp the opportunity."

The Baltimorean is on the right line. Our trade with South and Central America has languished because our manufacturers, under the policy of protection, have preferred the home market. Under a low tariff they could easily compete successfully with the Europeans in the countries south of us, and now that we have got rid of McKinleyism it is safe to say that we shall gain millions of new customers in Mexico, Central America and South America.

The Cotton States and International exposition is based upon this idea of extending our trade in these long neglected markets, and if we can get the co-operation of our producers and manufacturers in the north and west, as well as in the south, it goes without saying that a great deal can be accomplished in this direction. We have made a good beginning by securing a lower tariff, and a further reduction of duties by the next congress will give a great impetus to our foreign trade. It is folly to sit down and complain of overproduction when 50,000,000 people almost at our doors are ready to consume everything that we produce.

Oh, good gracious! Mr. Selfer's paper says The Constitution has been calling the "sound" money editors goldbug hushwhangers. Mr. Selfer's paper seems to be getting very wearily in its upper story.

Did it ever occur to the Georgia goldbugs that both Lester and Lawson voted for the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1? They cast their votes for it on the 25th of August, 1893.

The storm-center is now over St. Louis. It is thought that the "western mail" is hid out there somewhere. Maybe, but his mates will hurt his feet before he has need of them.

Some of the newspapers fail to take kindly to our suggestion of Hill and Bryan. But we are accommodating. How is this? Bryan and Thurman. Platform: The free and unlimited coinage of gold and silver.

Both democrats and populists should insist on a fair count and honest methods.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

Mr. Frank L. Stanton's new volume of poems, "Songs of the Soil," will be issued by the Appletons of New York, in the course of a week. It will be a beautiful book and as it embraces Mr. Stanton's best and latest productions, with the old favorites, it goes without saying that it will be very popular and will have a large sale. The book will be published in London, where our Georgia poet's songs are widely read and extensively copied in the leading periodicals and newspapers. A large edition was also sent to the United States, and a second one is sure to be called for long before the Christmas holidays. It will be one of the most attractive publications of the year.

Judge W. R. Hammond will read Rev. W. J. Scott's lecture on "Psychology," next Saturday evening at the First Methodist church. No admission will be charged at the door, and all are invited. This is one of Dr. Scott's finest lectures, and those who attend will enjoy a rare intellectual treat.

A Lincoln, Neb., special says: "The secretary of state today decided that the Bryan act was named by the state democratic convention. This decision is adverse to the claims of the independent democrats, whose ticket, though nominated at the convention, had been the first filed for official recognition as the regular state democratic nominees."

Oscar F. Lewis, a market gardener, living in the rear suburbs of Saratoga, N. Y., has for the past three years been experimenting with a method of growing chrysanthemums, and now claims that he has constructed an apparatus by which he can soar into the air and move about at his will. By means of it Mr. Lewis has made a number of flights, varying from 300 to more than 1,000 feet. The machine is kept in the air by gas, and is propelled by a bicycle arrangement with a revolving fan and a steam engine. The machine was sent to Stearns & Co., manufacturers, of Syracuse, who experimented with it, and found that the apparatus was scientifically constructed.

Mr. Lewis says he will soon give a public trial of his machine for aerial navigation.

There is a demand in the southwest, voiced from Fort Worth, that may result in the creation of a new state. The business men of that town asked the congressmen of the district to open the question of the opening of the Wichita, Comanche, Kiowa, and Apache reservations, in Indian Territory, known as the "Fort Bill country," and to make the territory a new state.

The bill is a demand for the opening of the civilized tribes as adjusted that they may take their land by allotment. Furthermore it is asked of congress that at once it make the state of Oklahoma a new state. This appeal by Fort Worth is also supposed to represent the sentiment of Texas farmers, who receive and ship at excessive rates owing to the unbusinesslike character of the country thus asked to be improved.

The mediaeval age is passing in the physical life of our great colleges. Princeton, in mass meeting, has vowed having shall be eradicated from undergraduate practices and Harvard, last Monday, stopped writing upon her calendar the record of famous "Bloody Monday Night." It was the time for the annual collision between "college" and "pop" and the classes of '97 and '98 were gathered in the university yard for the usual "rush."

A man then jumped into the "trimming" and, brandishing a stick, he set "Bloody Monday Night" forever. Professor Sumner stepped between the excited forces, reminding them that they were upon their honor, and bade them discontinue the practice, and, who's more, at his request, "fresh" cheered "fresh" and "pop" cheered "fresh."

A SUNDAY SYMPHONY.

A Song of Hope.

Night, and no star
To guide the weary and the wandering feet;
And yet I know somewhere the lights shine far.

And breaks the Morning sweet.
Night, and black shades
Above the brave ships, tossing on the foam;

And yet I know somewhere the Harbor lies
Radiant with Love and Home!

Night—but for me
Still light! light! light where darkest storms shall cease;

O lonely land! O black, tempestuous sea—
I pass from you to Peace!
—FRANK L. STANTON.

The Usual Amount.

Editor—I hardly know what to give you for this poem.
Post-Say \$10?
Editor—No; I'll give you thirty days!

In a few cast-iron stanzas in a leading magazine a poet informs us that "life is a tedious dream." If somebody would only write some of these poets up the world would be very thankful.

That's It.

"The world is as we take it."
(That's the way the poets make it.)

In their verses, from the springtime to the fall,
But alas! the greatest trouble
Is we try to take it double.

Or in other words, we try to take it all!

If poets would be accurate in this year of grace they must keep their weather eye open for the signal service flags.

The dogs that were kept busy baying candidates a week ago have just been enabled to devote a day to the "possum business."

Poor Fellow!

Love in youth is a dreamer:
But he finds no pearls in the dew
When he mends the rent in his garments
And pays the house rent, too!

"Major Handy's Column" is a feature in the New York newspapers now. The major skips from Chicago to New York on short notice, and is quite at home everywhere.

A Distinction Without a Difference.
Assistant Editor—Don't you think you're rather severe on the major—to call him "ignorant" and "stupid"?
Editor—Chief—Perhaps so. Just change that to "educated," he ain't ignorant by a jug full!

What has become of that "English committee"? Has it made a report of that Michigan lynching yet?

William H. Hayne, the poet, is living quietly at Coppe Hill, made famous as the residence of the late Paul H. Hayne. There, in the seclusion of the pines, he does some of his best literary work.

In Georgia.

Blue smoke from the cabins—
To the sky it curls;
Foot that find the fiddle
And lips that find the girl!

Items from Bill-ille.

Don't give in to trifles. The man who missed it for the legislature may yet come within ten miles of congress.

Our last representative has failed to explain his attitude on the money question. But we have no doubt of it, as he ran off with the funds.

We were elected co-leader by only a slim majority, but we sat on three dead niggers and a railroad wreck before nightfall.

"Possum" doesn't rhyme to "persimmon," but somehow or other they get along mighty well together.

The Georgia potato banks are open for business, and there is a cool draught on them.

Don't be discouraged: the frost that kills the peach crop also kills the pumpkin.

All the stiffs and the rabbits are on the run now.

A Notable Book.

Advance sheets of Mr. J. S. Jonas's forthcoming volume, "Passion, Idyls of the Heart," have been received from the publishers, and the extracts given only whet the appetite of the reader for the book in its entirety. Here are several verses which will give an idea of Mr. Jonas's style. The first is from "A Blye of Old."

"Alas! alas! the silken snare,
Of her down-streaming, beauteous hair!
The grace and glory shining there!"

"I hear my heart, in quickened beat—
An echo from her tinkling feet;
She dwains before me—splendid, sweet!"

And this, from "A Ringlet Curled," shows that the poet is familiar with the quatrains:

"The rainbow spans the world,
But fades while bending fair;
But round my heart for aye is curled
A Ringlet from Love's hair!"

The following, from "The Rose and the Gladiator," is spirited:

"The lion rends him—limb from limb,
But dying, still he sips
From the last Rose she threw to him,
The sweetness of her lips!"

There are several poems on "Rome"—the Georgia Rome—and others in dialect. The volume, we predict, will have a large sale.

THE PRESS ON THE RESULT.

Cedartown Standard: The dislike to Cleveland's policy, the disunion among democrats at the defeat of General Evans in the party primaries, the continued hard times and the low price of cotton all served to make the buoyancy of the masses and contributed to the slump in the usual democratic majorities. It is only an instance of temporary advantage, gained under peculiar circumstances, and a short time will see the democratic party herself again doing business at the old stand.

Americus Times-Recorder: Belated Georgia editors who drink goldbug soup out of John Sherman spoons will now proceed to beg their readers with explanatory explanations as to why the democratic majority of 1892 in 1894 is now only 23,200. The slump is chargeable to the goldbug campaign of John Sherman's disciples in this state.

Savannah News: In the election on Wednesday the populists were in deadly earnest. The consequence was that they got out their entire vote. On the other hand, the democrats were apathetic, and thousands of them did not go to the polls. Anybody in face of an aggressive enemy is ineffectual. The democrats will have to wake up or they will lose their hold upon the state. That would be equivalent to the defeat of the democratic party.

Jonesboro Enterprise: This victory, in the face of all the acrimonious circumstances which confronted the grand old party, on the part of the democrats, some of whom are disabled by the administration's financial policy, some others of whom have local claims and differences of opinion.

Elberton Star: The election results do not show any increase in the ranks of populism, but is indicative of a species of inertia on the part of the democrats, some of whom are disabled by the administration's financial policy, some others of whom have local claims and differences of opinion.

Brunswick Times: The democratic party has been put to a test that shows its reliable fighting force. Under the better conditions that will prevail under democratic

legislation, and lessons that have been learned in this contest, the democratic party of 1894 will resume something of her old vigor.

Augusta Chronicle: Nothing could more certainly insure the election of democratic congressmen in Georgia than the close brush which democracy had on Wednesday. Nothing can run like a scared democrat. Columbus Enquirer: Never was the war has there been as big a stay-at-home vote in Georgia as there was at Wednesday's election, and that is how the democratic majority was cut down.

NOT DEAD—BUT LIVING.

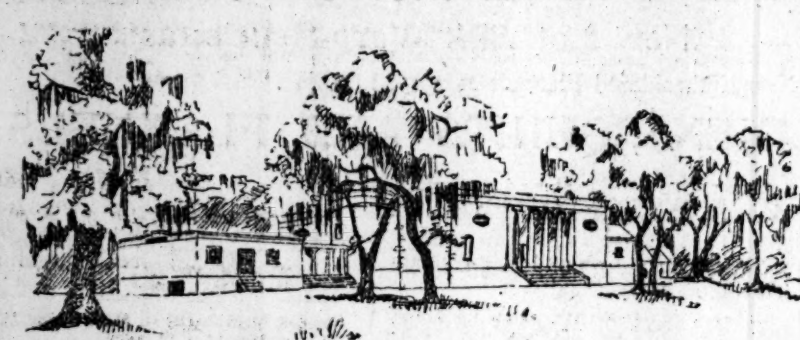
SPORT ON SAPELO.

The Dreamy Coast Isle a Great Place for the Sportsman.

A FEW TRUE SNAKE STORIES.

Something About the History of the Interesting Island—Mr. Cobb Writes of the Delights of the Charming Spot.

In the article preceding this I narrated the story of Sapelo Island. I shall now discuss the island and its attractions. Sapelo is a place of peculiar beauty, surrounded on the south by Doboy sound, on the west by a great river, on the north by Sapelo sound and on the east by the Atlantic ocean. This island is four miles wide from river to ocean and twelve miles long from sound to sound. Sapelo sound affords the best and safest harbor on the southern coast, with a depth of water on its bar that has never refused to float the largest vessels. Many thousands of feet of Georgia lumber leave there annually for transportation to all parts of the globe. Within sample forests of pine and oak, planted broadcast with nature's lavish hand from one end of Sapelo to the other, red deer abound as plentiful as in a park. It is at all uncommon for hunters to kill numbers of these in a day. There are two ways to hunt them, one exhilarating and exciting; the other tiresome and uninteresting. The former is after this wise: Of a bracing winter's morning horsemen ride together through the wide grass savannas, as the trees are called, to jump the deer without the use of dogs, and once a hapless doe or buck is up and off the four reports of a deer gun are heard and every rider gives hot chase to the swiftly fleeing and perchance wounded deer until it falls exhausted, or dies under another shot, or makes its escape in neighboring



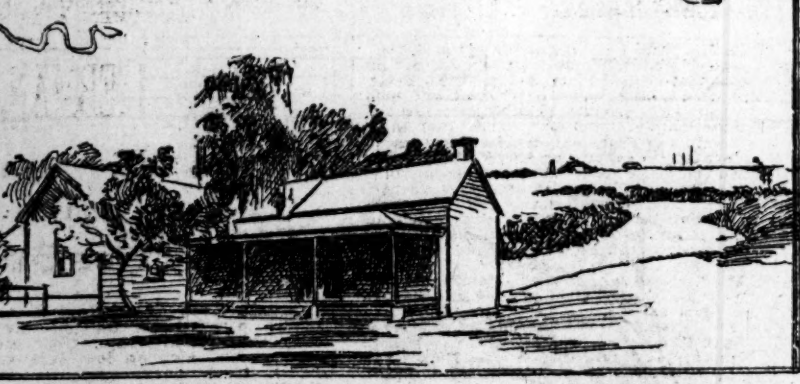
COLONEL THOMAS SPALDING'S MANOR AT SOUTH END, NOW A BEAUTIFUL AND PICTURESQUE RUIN.

woods or swims for life across the river to some adjoining island. When wounded and closely pursued in this manner a desperate stag has been known to plunge itself into the ocean even and make straight out to sea. It is said by experienced hunters that, when such is the case, they will come on a bee line back the way they swam out and a patient sportsman is more than apt to get a shot if he will conceal himself behind a convenient sand hill or myrtle tree near where the deer left land. Sometimes, however, an account is given of the poor creature's strength gives out and it is drowned or a shark or sword fish cuts him to pieces.

The other plan for deer hunting is to station standers around one end of a forest and send a man on horseback with the dogs into the woods at the other end to drive the deer down towards the standers. After waiting for long hours on these stands usually only one man gets a shot, the others not even catching a sight of the deer while alive. Sometimes ladies accompany gentlemen on such hunts, but a deer seldom goes by a stand where they are stationed, for ladies, who talk across stands even, which posts the game as to the standers' position. Invariably on the coast, when one kills his first deer all the hunters gather round him while the driver cuts the throat of the fallen deer and takes the fresh blood with which to smear the face of the man who has just killed his first deer. This is decidedly disagreeable, but in all cases must be submitted to, as it is a time-honored custom, based on the strange superstition that not a drop of blood from the deer should be lost, and that the blood of the first deer he will never kill another. It is vain to resist this law of the low country. Nymrod, Strong men do so sometimes stubbornly and fiercely, only to be pinched from behind by an athletic hunter, whereupon the whole crowd joins in, throwing the unyielding sportsman to the ground, and then each takes his turn and time at "bloodying" him.

It is a painful thing to see a graceful and dainty doe lie under the first hand of an old hunter, while rolling her wide, mild brown eyes up at him most pathetically as he sits her beautiful throat for blood with which to dye the face of some new deer slayer.

One of the chief delights of Sapelo is "cat-driving." The pasturage of this island is vast and splendid. There are many thousands



THE PRESENT HOME OF MR. AND MRS. WM. C. WYLLY AT SOUTH END.

head of cattle there. The owners distinguish cattle by special marks, and when once a year "marking time" rolls round every man on the island takes to horse for a mad gallop through woods and over fields after wild cattle.

After the reckless chase is over the cattle are corralled in an immense pen, where those unmarked are one by one hunted and thrown upon the ground. There they are held by a man at the head holding to the horns and one at each leg, and another upon the upper side of the prostrate animal. Then the red-hot brand is applied, making in the hissing skin the letter A, B or C, according to the mark in hand every one must spring away from the cow. I remember once Mr. Charley B. was upon the back of a young bull during the marking and did not hear the signal for retiring. Everybody else jumped away at the right time from the suffering yearling, leaving Mr. B. sitting midway between the belly and the back of the bull. With a savage howl of pain the animal started to its feet, upsetting his unhappy rider and landing both hoofs on the anatomy of the astonished and indignant man.

There is no better partridge hunting anywhere than on Sapelo. There is not a hill nor rock upon the island, save where the sand hills rise fringing the beach. The hunting is done on horseback, so the dogs can be swiftly followed, as the quails are so numerous that it is rare to chase single birds after the first flushing and firing upon the covey. It is stated that there were no partridges on Sapelo until Colonel Spalding carried a few pairs there fifty or sixty years ago. Now the island is filled with them. Another fine bird sport, unknown to those unfamiliar with coast life, is marsh

hen shooting. Every two weeks there is a spring tide, as it is called, which floods the marshes everywhere, leaving only here and there a tuft of grass above the surface of the water. There is a fine table fowl that inhabits these marshes, which looks like a cross between a partridge and a chicken. They swim and fly well. These marsh hens never leave the marsh; so when the spring tide rises they hide in large numbers within the few little grass clumps above water. A good marksman, by rowing from one clump of grass to another, can easily kill twenty-five or thirty in a morning.

The waters about this island furnish as much sport and pleasure as can be found upon the land. Two whales were found on the beach last year. One was more than thirty feet long. They were either young or belonged to a small species. They had been playing along the coast, and ventured too far landward, at high water, upon the beach, and became prisoners at ebb tide in one of the sloughs that form at times by the tide wash upon the shore. When the tide sank they were exhausted and expired in trying to flop across hot sands to the sea. Many barrels and wagon loads of oil were extracted from the blubber of these enormous fish, and when they became huge whitening skeletons upon the sands, it was found that a six-foot man could stand upright within the giant jaws of the larger one. Their bones are yet playing, tossed to and fro, with the rise and fall of the Atlantic's tide waves. Whales have been seen to enter the sounds at either end of the island, and play for hours with one another, spouting streams of water high into the air and lashing waves to foam with mighty fins and tails in their dashing, splashing pastime. At such times it is not safe to go upon the sound in small boats, not for fear of attack, but on account of the danger of being accidentally capsized. The Cromley Bros. are boat-builders, taxidermists, lighthouse keepers, fishermen, terrapin traders and everything else out of which an honest dollar can be made from land or sea. They sell thousands of salt water terrapins in the east, getting from 16 to 25 cents apiece for them. It is interesting to see their terrapin pen, built in the marsh grass covered by a palmetto roof, with a wide fenced yard around it, which the tides flush twice a day, and

fed to the dogs and swine for days.

It is a dangerous and exciting sport to accompany the Cromleys on one of their rattlesnake hunts over on Blackbeard Island. They find a monster rattler six or seven feet long and as large as a man's thigh and by means of a long stick, forked at one end, they drop the looped end of a stout cord over the coiling serpent's head. The other end of the cord is then thrown over a tree limb and the men pull the snake up from the ground and let him hang by the neck till dead. By catching these snakes in this way the men are enabled to obtain their skins, unbroken by shot, and unspoiled by the deadly discoloring poison, which they will inject from their fangs into their own bodies when maddened by desperation. These snake hunters claim that rattlers are the only venomous species of reptile on the coast. I have seen them pick other kinds of live snakes from out the grass with their hands. A funny struggle was once witnessed on Sapelo between a black snake, about a yard long, and a green snake shorter and smaller. The blacksnake was trying to swallow the green snake, the green snake was frightened and tried to get away. The former would catch the latter and begin swallowing it head foremost, whereon the green snake would dart sideways, around the grass or a twig and pull back with all its might. The blacksnake would swallow down to the twig and here things would rest for a moment, until the green snake would begin slowly pulling itself out by the tail, till entirely free. Immediately the black snake would dart sideways, onto to be caught upon a more, and then the swallowing process would begin again, till to terminate in the same result. This was repeated time after time for years, so telling whether the little green snake would ever have been entirely swallowed, for those who saw the fight happened to make a little noise that startled the blacksnake, so it left off its labors and disappeared in the grass. The green snake lost no time in going in another direction.

Dr. and Mrs. Warden reside upon Blackbeard. Dr. Warden is in charge of the south Atlantic quarantine station. He keeps things in apple-pie order. He is a genial gentleman with a private yacht at his command which he often uses in giving his friends pleasure. Dr. Warden gave the boys a deer hunt on Blackbeard this summer which was fine and rare sport, as deer are thicker there than anywhere on the coast. In the history of Blackbeard Island seventy or eighty deer have been known to be killed in a single day by a party of sportsmen. A settlement of Mohammedans lived on this island for years. The history of these inhabitants would make an interesting story. Sapelo Island is owned by Mr. and Mrs. William C. Wyll, Mrs. Nellie Barron Spalding and Mrs. A. C. McKinley, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Treanor, Mr. Amos Sawyer and Dr. Spalding Kenan. T. R. R. COBB.

AN EXTRACT.

From Dr. Hartman's Latest Lecture. In chronic malaria there is no distinct chill, no distinct sweating stage, and there may be no regular time for the bad spells to return. It is liable to make one feel horribly miserable all day, and sometimes every day. Chronic malaria resembles closely nervous prostration, as it often produces the worst form of nervousness and palpitation of the heart. Nervous dyspepsia is often a result of chronic malaria. In short, this disease is frequently so completely disguised that it is very difficult to detect it. At the time of the malaria, a sufficient course of Peruna should be taken. The following cases are cited as illustrations:

Rosina Horning, River Basin, Mich., writes January 1894: "August 1 I was stricken with malaria and was sick for some time with it. I had taken Peruna for other ailments with good results, so I began to take it, hoping it would cure the malaria. And I was not disappointed. In a very short time I was well again." Mrs. Carl Gottlieb, Allenton, Ill., writes May 5, 1894: "In January, 1892, I got a fever and severe pain in the left side. The physician said it was malaria and neuralgia. I took all sorts of pills and powders, but they did me no good. Finally I began to take Peruna and now I am well. I think if it had not been for you and your medicine I would not now have been alive. I am only skin and bones when I was sick, but now I am healthy and well." Every one should have a copy of the free book on malaria by Dr. Hartman, published by The Peruna Drug Manufacturing Company, of Columbus, O. Send in your address early so as to avoid delay.

GO TO 63 PEACHTREE STREET.

Don't get constipated. Take Beecham's Pills.

"THE HEAVENLY TWINS."

A One-Dollar Book for Fifty Cents. One of the most popular novels of the day at half price. Owing to the repeated demands for this new and popular book the publishers have issued a paper edition of 50,000 copies. Mr. John M. Miller will place on sale Monday morning, Nov. 12, 1894, at 10 o'clock, a limited number of these new books at 50 cents postpaid. Address all orders to John M. Miller, agent, 29 Marietta street, Atlanta, Ga. June 2-1m.

North and East.

The Southern railway (Piedmont Air-Line), many times the shortest, the swiftest and by far the best route to the north and east. The Pullman vestibule trains with dining cars. Fast mail trains. Ticket office, Kimball house corner and Union depot. 9-10-11.

GO TO 63 PEACHTREE STREET.

PERSONAL.

M. M. Mauck, wall paper, paints, shades, picture frames. Samples sent. Atlanta, Ga. C. J. Daniel, wall paper, window shades, furniture and home furnishings. 30 Marietta street. Send for samples.

Notice. I want every man and woman in the United States interested in the Optum and Whisky habits to have one of my books on these diseases. Address B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga., Box 578, and one will be sent you free.

GO TO 63 PEACHTREE STREET.

Water Cure Sanitarium. Is permanently located in Griffin, Ga., to receive and treat invalids. Send postage stamp. DR. J. M. ARMSTRONG, Proprietor. March 11, 1894. MARSH-12m

Dr. Hathaway & Co. are the leading specialists in all diseases peculiar to men and women. 224 South Broad street. MARSH-12m

GO TO 63 PEACHTREE STREET.

Going to Washington. Arrangements have been perfected for the delegates attending the convention of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, Washington, October 11th to 14th, to meet in Atlanta, October 10th, at 10 o'clock. Leave for the Seaboard Air-Line, leaving here at 12 o'clock. It is desired that all who contemplate going be on hand on this date, as there are some important matters to be discussed before the convention. The rate is \$3 and a third fare for the round trip. oct 4-4t.

Rockies and Beyond. The United Pacific railway have a very complete illustrated publication of 176 pages, including 84 page cuts descriptive of the leading points of interest in and beyond the Rocky mountains, furnished free on application or mailed to any address on receipt of six cents in stamps by James F. Apier, General Agent, Union Pacific railway, 221 North Fourth street, St. Louis. aug 5-2m e.o.d.

GO TO 63 PEACHTREE STREET.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder. World's Fair Highest Award.

The New Edition Encyclopædia Britannica EXCELS

All others. There is but one opinion on this subject. It is shared by all who become acquainted with the great work. Its surpassing excellencies are many. Two are cited below.

It Is Impartial:

State of Georgia,

Adjutant General's Office,

Atlanta, Sept 22, 1894

I have examined the new Encyclopædia Britannica now being introduced by the Atlanta Constitution, in Georgia and elsewhere in the South, and it seems absolutely fair in its treatment of the south. The maps and illustrations in this work are very numerous and correct. The mechanical work is of substantial order, and I regard this Britannica as the best, as a work of reference, and commend it to all persons, as such.

*J. M. Antick, Kull
Asst. Genl.*

Its Maps the Best:

Railroad Commission of Georgia,

Atlanta, Sept. 22, 1894

Atlanta Constitution,
Atlanta, Ga.

Gentlemen,-

I have examined the map of the State of Georgia in the new edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, being introduced by the Atlanta Constitution in the State of Georgia. I consider the same thoroughly up with regard to all the railroads in the state, and it seems to be perfectly reliable. If all the large number of maps in the work are as good as that of the state of Georgia, purchasers should be fully satisfied.

The workmanship seems to be of excellent quality in all respects.

Very truly

A. C. Briscoe

Secretary.

You Should Own

This greatest of all reference libraries. No home, office or shop is complete without it. If you procure it now through the special introductory offer of The Constitution you will not only save a considerable sum on the price paid for the work, but you will also have the advantage of the special easy terms made possible by The Constitution's contract with the Britannica publishers.

THE CONSTITUTION, ATLANTA, GA.

